This Is The

IN THE COUNTRY NUMBER OF VOGUE

"BREAKFAST," says the preface of a well-known cook-book, "should be a series of delicate surprises." This is just the idea that Vogue has had about this number, which is called "In the Country." The first surprise is an article on pigs, which, as every one knows, have become the *"élégantes soignées"* of the countryside and have replaced the peacock on all patriotic lawns. Vogue, which a year ago recognized bacon only *en brochette* with chicken livers, now considers itself an expert on pigs, and presents this article to prove to any one who doubts it, that the pig, like many another unappreciated fellow, has found his opportunity to make good in the war. America expects every woman to keep a pig.

The Question of Summer Clothes

But to be really honest, the magic words "in the country," do not suggest pigs or war gardens to the average woman half as quickly as they do summer clothes. So Vogue, which can never bring itself to be very severe with feminine shortcomings, after having told you what you ought to think about, very sensibly devotes a good many pages to the things it knows you will be thinking about anyway, whether you ought to or not. Of course, the ideal summer costume from the point of view of comfort and convenience, is the Mother Hubbard of the Hawaiians, patterned, so history says, on the nightgown of a sea-captain's wife, washed ashore on a stormy wave, whether with or without its owner, history does not state. But "other times, other costumes," as the French so aptly put it, and so Vogue presents a "summer concession," on pages 42, 43, and 44, suggestions for becoming and wearable hats and gowns; and on pages 46 and 47, practical dresses made of Oriental silks, which are especially suitable for the dress that must adapt itself to many varied occasions. Now that we must consider not only our own figures but those of our war incomes, one dress must be many things to most women. On pages 30 to 33 you will find suggestions for mourning dresses and hats and some new ideas for the veils and collars and cuffs which make so much difference in all-black costumes.

When Dresses Become Works of Art

On page 29 are four gowns which Callot has made for Florence Walton,—lovely things of tulle and tinsel which the iron heel of war hasn't managed to crush. Then you must look at the page which has a photograph of Billie Burke wearing the world's most beautiful wedding-dress. This page is put under the heading of "The Fine Arts" in the index below, because Billie Burke and her dressmaker, in "A Marriage of Convenience," have proved that, with a hint from Watteau, they are supreme in the rare art of satisfying the eye.

The Locket Returns to Favour

Then if you are the sort of person who loves to poke about in antique shops and has even been known to cast occasional side-long glances at pawn-shop windows, you will like the plea for the revival of the locket. Lockets are filling a suddenly felt want, now that we are all looking at certain photographs much oftener than we would allow ourselves to admit.

Two war articles, one on the Y. M. C. A. and the other on the Motor Corps of America, will keep you in touch with what is being done by the soldier's best friends.

You have noticed ambulances driven by women in smart khaki uniforms and caps with blue bands, and so you will be interested to read about the Women's Motor Corps; and you'll read the Y. M. C. A. article because you know already what that organization does, and you can't hear about it too often.

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Cover Design by Alice de Warenne Little

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for

Early July, 1918

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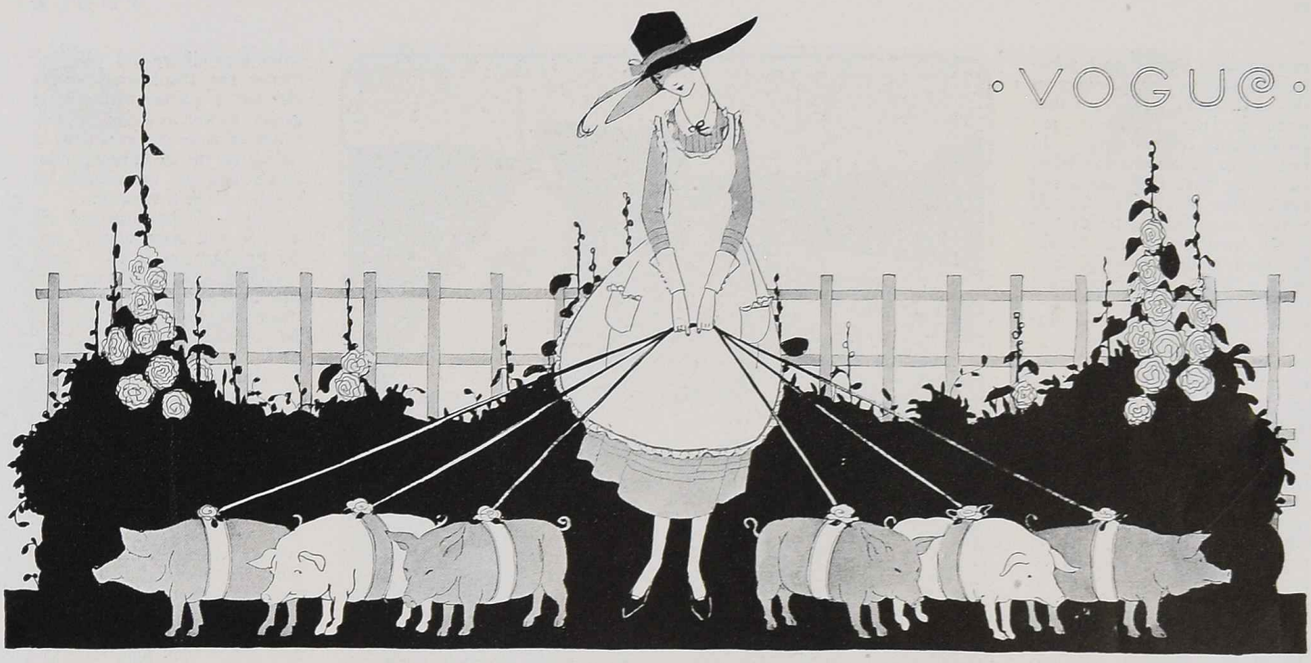
MRS. LYDIG HOYT

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, who before her marriage was Miss Julia W. Robbins, is the daughter of Mr. Julian W. Robbins. Her husband is First Lieutenant in the 305th Field Artillery and is now in France. Mrs. Hoyt was actively connected with the Publicity Committee of the Third Liberty Loan, where her work was to collect stories of human interest and items which the newspapers could use to promote the loan



PIGS ARE TRUMPS

Go if You Can; Give What You Can; Knit When You Can; But in Any Case, Good Madame, Keep a Pig for France

By BETTY D. THORNLEY

LAST year one couldn't switch off the light with a properly cold-creamed conscience unless one had that day planted a potato, or hilled up a potato, or at least attended a committee of the Society for the Propagation of Potatoes. One talked of the virtues of Early Rose and Irish Cobbler with full knowledge that the first had nothing more to do with a florist than the second had with Home Rule. This spring the line shifted a bit. The test lay in having eaten a potato—not a new, firm, butter-clad potato, but an old potato, one of the X-billion—the amount varied with the Washington connections of one's informant—that these United States had cultivated but not yet consumed.

Vogue, however, prides itself on being not a follower but a forecaster, and this, *mes amies*, is not to be a potato season. The potato is no longer fashionable. One plants and eats them, of course—one takes them for granted, indeed, like one's Red Cross membership and one's penchant for Thrift Stamps. But admission to the inner circle consists in knowing a Berkshire from a large English Yorkshire. And these do not score by reason of their eyes or their hills, but by reason of their noses, and their ears, and the number of pounds of gain a day that one can enter in their little birthday books.

In short, there's no doubt about it—pigs are trumps. Mr. Prothero, the President of the British Board of Agriculture, saw the light a year ago and became the father and mother of the "Keep a Pig" movement in England. This year, after climbing an uphill road to triumphant certainty, he says that, as a solver of the meat problems of a beleaguered country, "neither cattle nor sheep can compare with the pig." In fact, he's given an august member of Parliament the title of "Director of Pig Production" with a glittering retinue of assistant lords and ladies as his advisers.

"A PIG IN EVERY RURAL HOME"

But Mr. Prothero wasn't alone in realizing last year the possibilities open to the pork-patriot. Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden of New York offered to supply a pig to any child on Long Island who wanted one, the pig to be paid for at the end of the season, when the five dollars return for him wouldn't begin to purchase his left hind leg in open market.

Early in the season, when Mrs. Burden bought her first consignment, she had twenty-one takers. This year, by the same date, one hundred applications were turned in. But this was just a beginning. They continued to come until the promiser began to be uneasy as to whether she could secure so many piglets. The State Agricultural Department's cooperation was secured, however, and Mrs. Burden now stands credited with two hundred and fifty pigs delivered, with late counties still doubtless to be heard from.

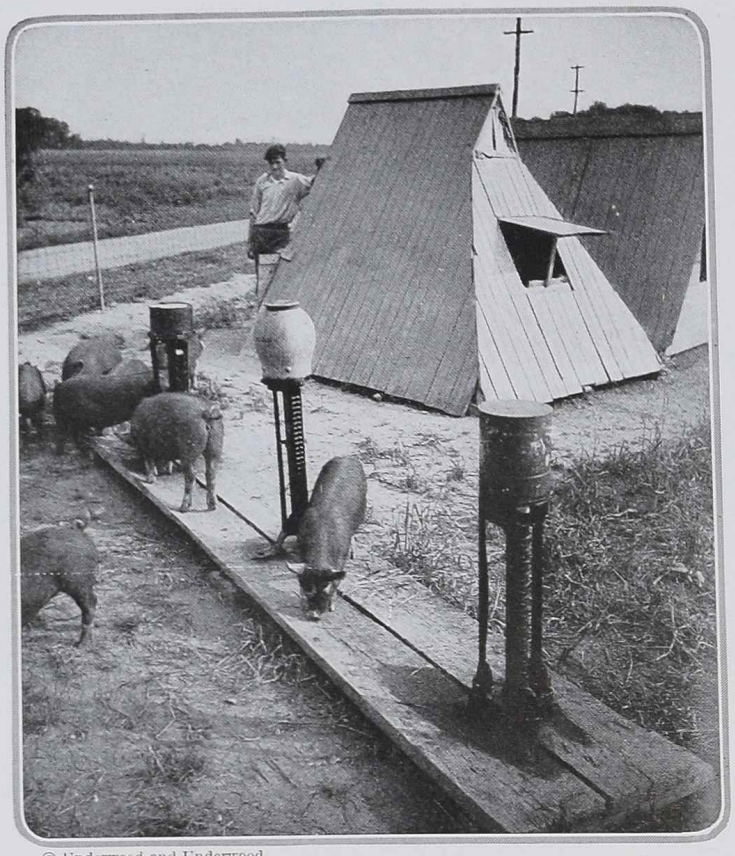
Nor is official Washington silent this year on the subject of pork-patriotism. There are bulletins and then more bulletins devoted to the subject of sending this little pig to market, and keeping this little pig at home on the excess food baggage that the country annually dumps into America's most expensive luxury, its twenty-billion-pound garbage pail. Indeed, we shouldn't be in the least surprised if the propagandists went to the extent of issuing a new Hoover nickel whereon a haughty Berkshire or an intelligent Tamworth took the place of that quite inappropriate beast, the buffalo, who couldn't do anything for his warring country even if he wanted to.

New York State—the Vampire State, as the West was rather fond of considering it—is taking a leading part in the new pig patriotism and has appointed a Director of Food Production, otherwise a Pig Commissioner, in the person of Mr. Calvin J. Huson, who has adopted as his slogan, "A Pig in Every Rural Home"—no, my friends, you are not being misinformed, those are the very words—and has induced the more than one thousand villages within the borders of the State to repeal any existing anti-pig-keeping ordinances. All, that is, but six or seven slacker villages that still entertain old-fashioned ideas about His Meatful Majesty, the Hog.

That's the trouble. The masses are so conservative. Give a hog a bad name—you know the rest of it. The war, however, is not only

emancipating women and popularizing potatoes—it is giving us the truth about pigs. And that truth is largely, not to say astoundingly, complimentary. In fact, we're rather dazzled when we realize that this four-legged aggregation of all the patriotic virtues is called by terms formerly used with such unenlightened contempt — pig, hog, swine. Even their compounds distress us—pig-pen, hog-wash, swine-trough. The pork-barrel is a synonym for political corruption. To grunt is to be boorish. Silk purses and sows' ears are incompatible. And a snout is not a pretty word to apply to any one's nose. The very partner of the pig, the garbage-pail, has no charms for us. We wish, oh, how we wish, that we could re-christen them all. A rose by any other name might smell as sweet; but a pig-pen would be improved out of all recognition.

However, this is an aside. Mr. Prothero, Mr. Huson, Mr. Hoover, Mrs. Burden, have put the pig into our lives. And we must learn to appreciate him.



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Many authorities urge the use of the well-ventilated A-shaped wooden pig-pen shown in this illustration, located in a pasture where the pigs are permitted to feed at will

THE PIG AS A HOOVERIZER

To begin with, Billy Porker is the most earnest-souled young conservationist on the farmerette's visiting list. Suppose she has a cow—and a sheep—and a pig—side by side, with troughs between them in place of dashes. The cow takes nineteen point six per cent. out of her food and turns it into growth and milk; uses thirty-six point four per cent. with which to just keep on being a cow; and wastes forty-four per cent. outright. Mary's lamb, whether shepherded at the Trianon in blue ribbons or by a greaser on the Mexican border, takes twenty-five per cent. to grow on, forty-five point eight per cent. for plain maintenance of the statu quo, and wastes twenty-nine point two per cent. But the once-despised pig, taking his orders from some unseen Food Administration, conscientiously puts fifty-two point nine per cent. of his ration into pounds of gain, thirty-five point three per cent. into maintenance, and only eleven point eight per cent. is allowed to go to waste. No wonder the South refers to him lovingly as its "Hooverizin' hawg."

The pig, then, is the most economical animal to feed. He also requires less labour. The Department of Agriculture of New York State has issued a bulletin (No. 64) to be had free on application to the Department at Albany, in which are photographs of every one from University Professors of Animal Husbandry looking wise at the tops of their respective articles, down to young Chester Whites having their afternoon tea in the middle of the back lot pasture. There are A-shaped pens in this book; there are colony houses located in the middle of charming acres of alfalfa. There are concrete hog palaces, where each occupant has two rooms and bath for himself and a window giving on the communal dining-room. There are directions as to when to leave the south door open and when to take it off altogether. But in every statement made, and every type of house, or feed, or animal considered, there is the idea that the corresponding statement or type, if one referred to cattle or sheep, would result in more labour per animal and less return per farmerette. With a greater gain per pound of food and a less amount of labour, goes a smaller initial expenditure and, what our friends the shopkeepers always aim for, a quicker turn-over of money, as well as a quicker realization of one's patriotic hope of adding to the diminishing meat supply and the diminishing fat supply of one's country.

"Think of the thousand villages in this state alone," says the Pig Director of New York. "If every one of them would raise only fifty pigs, it would increase the swine population of the State by fifty thousand. Each of these pigs could be brought up to a hundred and fifty pounds weight at from six to seven months of age, thus adding seven million five hundred thousand pounds to the State food supply at a value of at least a million dollars."

The Director's difficulty, however, will consist in making the average citizen realize his personal responsibility in the matter; but this is no new thing. You remember, perhaps, an unfortunate gentleman whose business affairs took him, some two thousand years ago, on a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho.

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America has already converted a good many Good Samaritans to the "Keep a Pig" movement. The present campaign is largely in the interests of the priest and the Levite who belongs to the ninety and nine just persons who think that they have no need of a repentance and no room for a pig-pen, A-shaped or otherwise. There were forty-five thousand non-professional American pig-raisers last year classifying, along with the members of the corn clubs, potato clubs, poultry, sheep, calf, and canning clubs, as "Soldiers of the Commissary." This year it is estimated, the combined club memberships will total a million, or twice the 1917 record. But these forty-five thousand who saw Billy Porker through the eyes of Mr. Hoover, were all of them under eighteen years of age, when one is notoriously altruistic in one's motives. This year the Government asks for a fifteen per cent. increase in pig production. But no Children's Crusade, however enthusiastic, can accomplish that alone. We may be sure that the little cripple in Mississippi, who had his cot moved out beside the pig house so that he could feed his meat producer in the middle of the night, will continue to provide his

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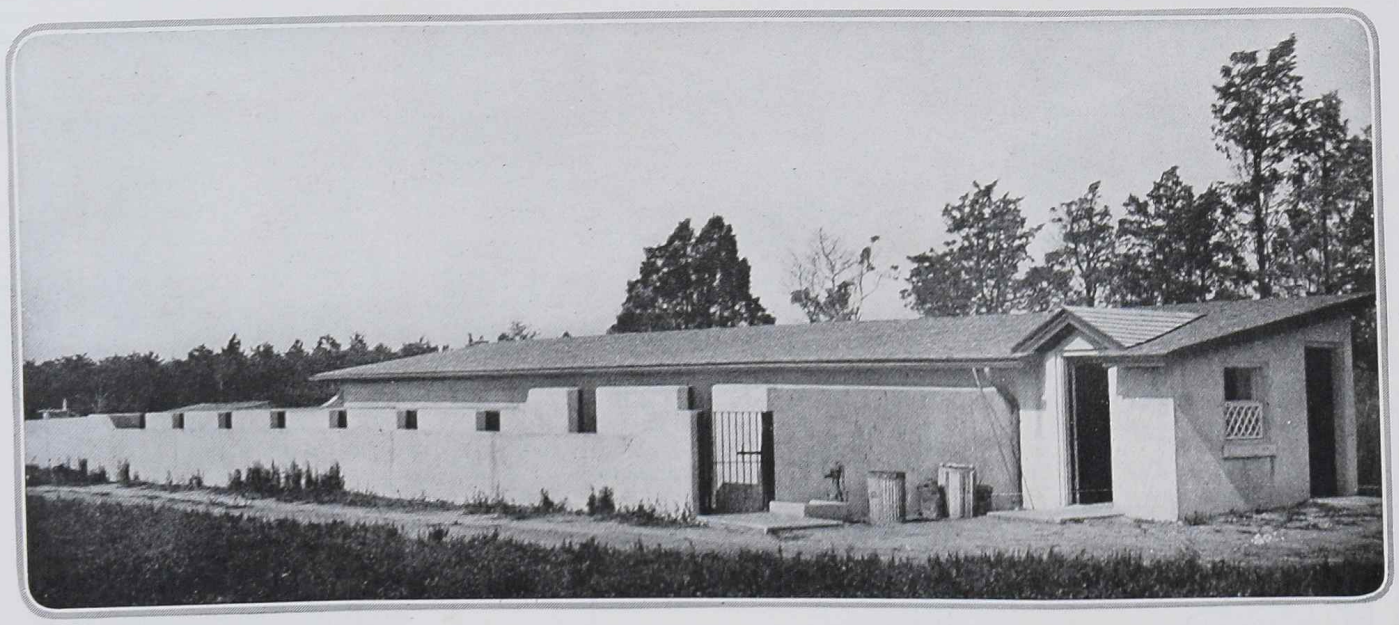

This pig-pen, built on the estate of Mr. Samuel T. Peters at Islip, Long Island, is an example of the best type of steel and concrete construction. There are eight inside pens, ten by ten feet, with concrete floors. The outside pens are a little larger, fronting on a feeding alley fenced by a low wall

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The glory of the tinsel cloth of this gown doesn't stop at its gold colour, for it is lined and bound with cerise satin. It openly shows this where the sheath-like skirt folds over, and touches of cerise satin make brilliant the gold of the bodice. Cerise tulle adds its magic in shoulder bands and a fluffy overskirt, and the gold-sashed waist finishes with a great cerise flower

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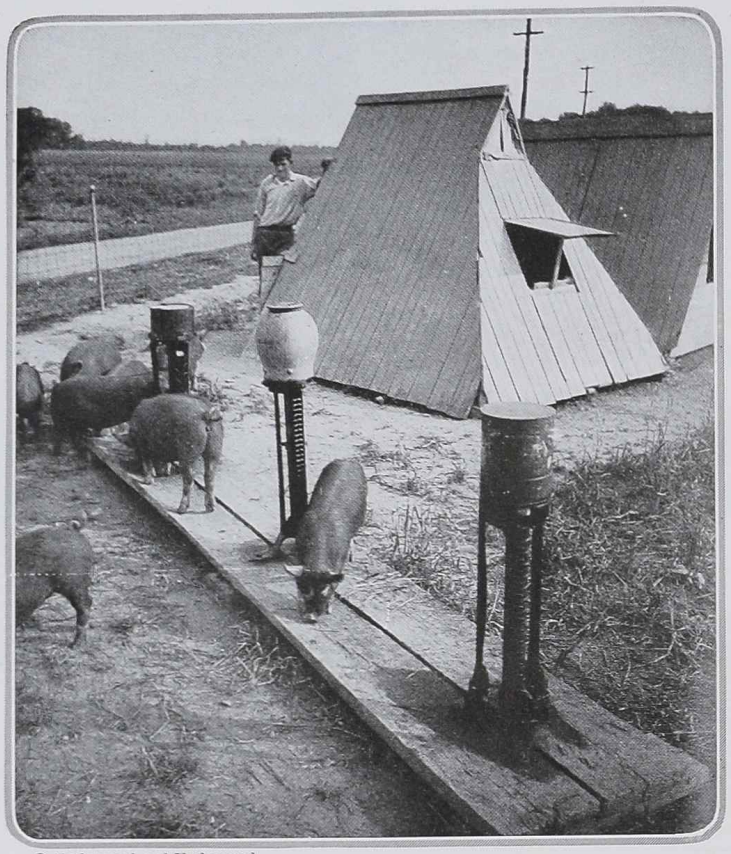

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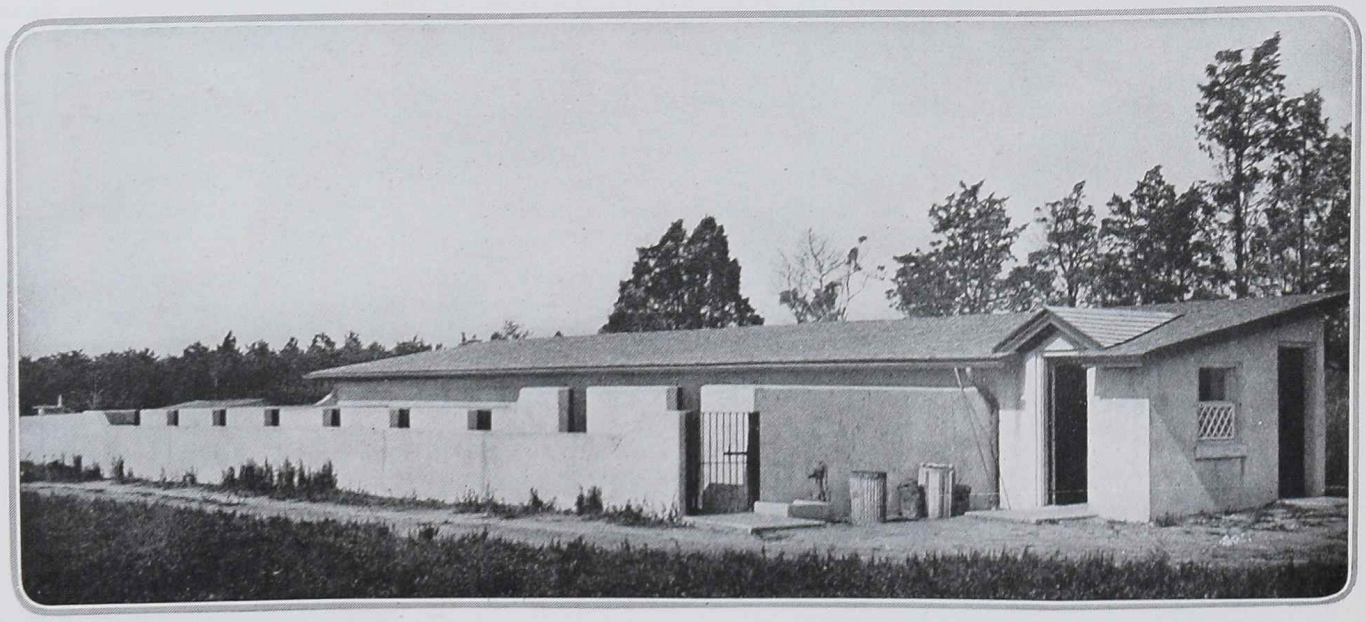

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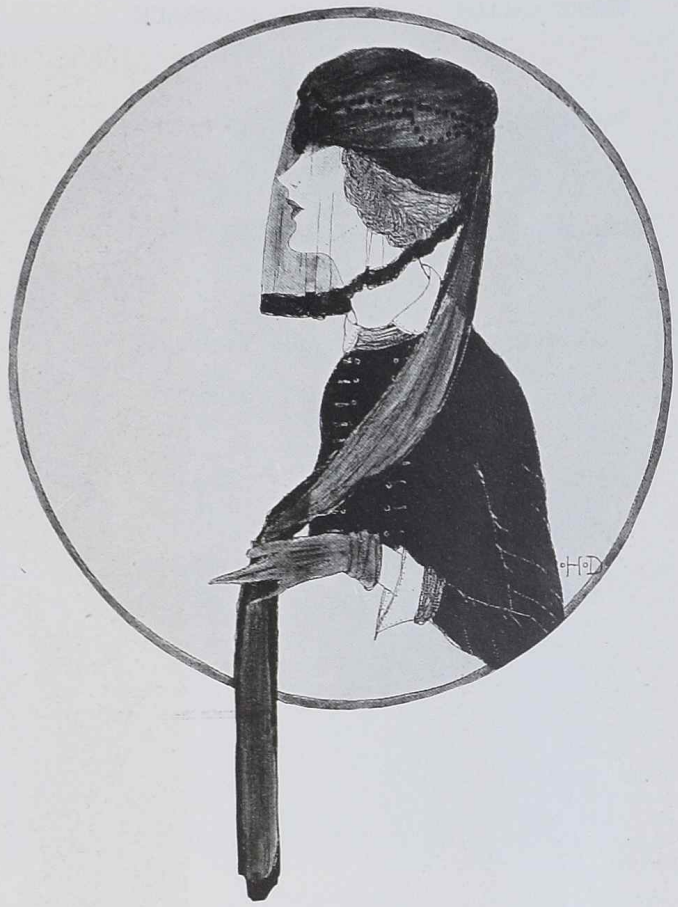
After she has discarded her toque and crape veil, the young widow may wear this small hat of black Georgette, draped most effectively into what is almost a Turkish turban, embroidered attractively with dull beads. A simple mesh veil with a narrow band of crape is worn over the face and a strip of net bordered with crape hangs down in the back. The turn-over collar of sheer handkerchief linen is finished with French knots in linen thread, and a black chiffon tie is draped under the collar to fasten at the back. The same arrangement of French knots and draped chiffon is repeated on the cuffs



WAR MOURNING IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

Whether American Women Will Abolish Mourning During the War, as Many Englishwomen Have, or, Like the Frenchwomen, Wear a Lighter Mourning Than Formerly, Is Still a Question

A YOUNG officer, suffering from shock, was ordered to cross the channel as a means of speedy recuperation. As he left, another young American by whose side he had fought, remarked, "Look here, old chap, I have written to my people to look you up, and the Mater is a regular trump—I bank on her to make you forget this game, big as it is, for a few days." After a much delayed journey, the weary traveler arrived and was cheered and soothed by the way he was received by the mother and sisters of his chum. At the end of three days he tried to express his gratitude for the tactful care and the delightful entertaining that had helped to drive away his *idées noires*, but feeling quite incapable of expressing his gratitude adequately, he finally exclaimed, "Jove! I can't say anything, but I shall tell Ralph what you have done for me."

And then the mother looked up and said, "But Ralph passed on the day that you arrived."

THE BRAVERY OF ONE AMERICAN FAMILY

No trappings of woe, in fact nothing in the conduct of this mother and sisters marred for a moment the plan to cheer and brace the nerves of the young stranger within their gates, and thus were Ralph's last wishes carried out.

Notwithstanding the fact that the wearing of deep black crape and the use of bordered stationery had their origin in England, to-day the British women have decided to show in some other way the fact that their men have died so gloriously in this great battle for humanity's sake. English mourning is much less ostentatious than it has ever been, at this time when so many families have lost some member. In America there has been some discussion of the subject but no definite decision as yet. Thus far, even the most conservative women allow themselves the privilege of being thoroughly individual in their mourning. Perhaps nothing indicates the woman of taste as much as the way she conducts herself in a time of bereavement, and very pronounced or elaborate mourning has long since been associated with the parvenu only.

Vogue has taken no stand as yet on this question, but merely notes the fact that, in the United States, among civilians the customs in regard to mourning remain the same, except for the fact that no mourning is quite as deep as it used to be and the period of wearing mourning is not quite as lengthy. In fact, modern thought is very sane on the subject, and the individual realizes that personal grief is not a reason for plunging those about one into gloom.

This gown of black silk has crisp collar and cuffs of organdie banded loosely at the neck and tightly at the wrist with strips of the silk held with tiny black buttons. A stiff sailor hat of liséré straw with a narrow brim is trimmed with a draped band and streamer ends of crêpe de Chine

MOURNING ETIQUETTE

Many people no longer consider it bad form to be seen at places of amusement in black, but the rule remains that it is never permissible to be seen at a public function in a long black veil; this is still regarded as being extremely bad taste. The wearing of much jewellery is also questionable taste in the first stages of mourning, although some jewellery is permissible. There is, for example, a revival of the jet jewellery that was so fashionable in the mid-Victorian days. Black-bordered handkerchiefs are no longer used, being considered rather an unnecessary emphasis of woe. A black border on stationery is still cus-

POSED BY
JULIA BURNS

For summer afternoons or informal dinners a dress of black point d'esprit over black silk is cool and becoming. With it is worn a large sun hat of fine horsehair braid trimmed with black flowers and picoted black tulle, which hangs over the hat and is draped like a scarf

A young girl in mourning for her father or mother may wear a simple frock of black crêpe de Chine. The long sleeves button tightly about the wrist with black crêpe de Chine buttons. Made wings of black silk trim the youthful hat of fine horsehair braid

(Below) A widow may wear touches of white after the first few days of mourning. A high-necked, long-sleeved blouse of crêpe de Chine or heavy Georgette crêpe banded in white should be worn over black lingerie. The toque is veiled in black chiffon banded with crape

(Below) When the young widow goes motoring she may wear a toque of black faille with a tucked brim and draped crown. A narrow chiffon veil edged with satin is strung through a ring of black threads at the top of the hat and hangs at either side of the face

Baron de Meyer

A young woman in mourning for a parent might wear a turban of black taffeta with an up-turned pleated ruffle. Over the entire hat hangs a veil of black net, finely tucked along the edges. Very novel are the collar and cuffs of white organdie

MOURNING COSTUMES FROM A NEW YORK DESIGNER, MULLEN - SHAW

HAYWARD

Indian cashmere makes a coat which is worn over a straight plain slip of dull black charmeuse, making this unusual frock with a turn-over collar and cuffs of white handkerchief linen. The small turban of charmeuse with a band of white crape is veiled with thin black chiffon

LUCILE

Nothing could be simpler or more effective than the all-black dinner gown with its slim-lined foundation of charmeuse over which is draped Georgette crêpe. The long sleeves and loose panel train give it the air of a tea-gown

tomary, but it is much narrower than it used to be and is no longer graded to harmonize with the various stages of mourning. A border in a very moderate width is chosen and is used for all note-paper and visiting cards.

One modern custom that is to be recommended is the sending out of engraved cards in acknowledgment of messages of sympathy. This saves the arduous task of writing personal notes at such a time and shows one's appreciation for the thought and sympathy.

In America, fortunately, so far but few of us have had to consider the subject of mourning for men who are lost in battle, and yet already we are realizing that the death is such a glorious one that black seems inappropriate, and the idea of wearing a badge or a symbol has now been suggested. As some of the leading women of America are discussing this, it is possible that the innovation will be adopted. Should the war be a long one this may prove to be an innovation that will do much to prevent the nation being too constantly reminded of its grief.

The Englishwoman Either Abandons Mourning Entirely or Wears Only a Simple Black Costume

THE first impression of a visitor to England, apart from the prevalence of khaki and navy and hospital blue would almost certainly be that no state of war existed or that the war had but just begun. For the thought of war is and must be associated with bereavement, and bereavement to most persons means the wearing of mourning; yet, in spite of the longest and heaviest casualty lists that any war has ever seen, mourning is conspicuous by its absence. Those few young women who from motives of vanity choose to advertise themselves by a peculiarly jaunty and striking style of mourning, simply do not count. The true dignity of mourning is otherwise expressed. Instead of heavy crape veils and all the other lugubrious accoutrements of conventional mourning, one sees women quietly dressed in black or in their ordinary clothes, going bravely about their daily tasks as though the shadow of bereavement had not fallen upon their lives.

This does not mean that they are heartless or even careless of the opinion of others; it means quite the contrary. The explanation lies in the fact that the whole feeling with regard to the wearing of mourning has undergone a change. In former days the custom of mourning had a double significance; it was considered to be a sign of respect for the dead, and at the same time it announced the seclusion of the mourner. Very naturally, a woman who had lost a near and dear relative had no wish to take part in social functions and found mourning a protection, as it showed her withdrawal from the frivolities of life. Even when her mourning was more a matter of form than of feeling, it set her apart and spared her the annoyance of declining invitations which social convention forbade her to accept. Even so, of late years the periods of mourning had been very considerably shortened, and crape was either not worn at all or worn only for the nearest and dearest of relatives, while the old barbarous custom of sitting behind drawn blinds for a full month had entirely fallen into disuse. The war has done still more towards moderating the old customs in regard to mourning.

WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR

But the present absence of mourning is not merely the decay of an ancient custom; it means far more. At the very beginning of the war, women came forward and claimed their share of responsibility and their part in the battle for freedom and national defence. And woman's part in war means, not only giving herself and her time and her work, but her loved ones as well. Women felt, and rightly, that the indulgence of personal grief, even to the extent of wearing mourning, was incompatible with their

HAYWARD

This daytime gown of cashmere and surah is belted loosely at the waist and worn with turn-over collar and cuffs of organdie. The small turban has a brim of woven bands of crape and a shirred crown of the same material. The net veil is worn from the back of the hat

HAYWARD

Black crêpe de Chine forms the wide front panel and the back yoke of this afternoon frock, embroidered in dull silk and belted with passementerie. The rest of the frock is of Georgette crêpe, as is the turban veiled with black net

duty to themselves, to their country, and to the men who cheerfully laid down their lives. The man who in the performance of his highest duty gives his life in the service of his country is worthy of a higher tribute than the wearing of crape weeds. Nothing can minimize the personal loss to his widow, his mother, his sister, or his daughter, but that loss brings with it pride as well as sorrow. It is the greatest offering any woman can lay upon the altar of her country, and how much greater it is when it is free from the selfish insignia of grief.

HAYWARD

Black Georgette crêpe with Japanese hem and pipings of black tafeta silk makes a charming Russian blouse. The line of the blouse is straight at the front but runs into a deep V at the back, held together with narrow tafeta ribbons

KEEPING UP THE NATIONAL MORALE

To be worthy of the men who gave their all has been the aim of the women of England throughout the war. And not only this, for theirs was the task of carrying on the work of the country when the men had gone, of keeping up the national morale. Imagine what would have been the effect on the mind and the spirits of the country, especially of the children, had every bereaved woman robed herself in black and paraded her sorrow in public. Such constant reminding of gloom must inevitably have an unfortunate result on any nation. Hardly a household in England has been left untouched by nearly four years of the most terrible war ever waged. Had Englishwomen put on the conventional garb of mourning, every town, every village in the country would seem but part of one great funeral; the whole atmosphere would be one of gloom and grief, resigned, perhaps, but infinitely depressing. Certainly it would have afforded no stimulus to hope, courage, and fresh endeavour. A black-garbed figure of woe may be pathetic, but it is anything but inspiring, especially when it is multiplied by the hundred thousand.

The women of England have chosen a better way of honouring their heroic dead, by maintaining in so far as possible the cheerful and usual aspect of every-day life. However terrible their losses and however deep their private sorrow may be, they show in public calm smiling faces. Their energy is given, not to sterile mourning, but to filling the places left empty by the men who are gone, some temporarily, some forever; to making life cheerful for the boys home on leave; and to nursing the wounded back to health. All the purely personal and selfish side of bereavement is resolutely put aside, in order that they may devote themselves wholly to their immediate tasks.

The Frenchwoman Wears Mourning for Those Lost in the War, but It Is Restricted To an Inconspicuous Black with Little Crape

CERTAIN Northern races, the Anglo-Saxons for instance, deplore outward signs of mourning and think that an unostentatious fidelity should take its place. Custom, climate, and temperament undoubtedly influence our opinions in this matter, and, as a result, there is no subject on which it is easier to cite examples on either side than this question of mourning. Among the Southern races the passions are certainly stronger than anywhere else, because everything which affects the consciousness is allowed to come to the surface; these races can no more control their despair than their joy. We should not be surprised, therefore, at all the ceremony which attends mourning in Southern countries and which we can trace in history and in the customs of to-day. The Italian and Spanish masters and students of the Orient have shown us the rites which are undergone by those who have lost some one who is dear to them.

ANCIENT MOURNING CUSTOMS

The ancient Egyptians went to funeral ceremonies with bare feet and with their heads covered with dust and ashes, and during the entire period of mourning, which lasted from seven to seventy days, they plucked out, one by one, the hairs of their heads and beards. In Greece, women cut off their hair, and in Rome, the women as well as the men wore black garments and absented themselves from all festivals. As for the Gauls, they did not wear black, but they shaved their heads more or less, according to the importance of the mourning. All this is very different from the point of view of the English, who not only think that there is "nothing more ugly and shameful" than the despair in which they see nothing but weakness, but who see a cruel and perverse curiosity in dwelling on the thought of death and all that follows it.

The English manner of wearing mourning shows clearly how little importance is attached to it, no matter whether it is worn for a near or a distant relative. They were the first to introduce the fashion for men of wearing a black band on the arm as the only indication of mourning; it was English women who first wore a short light veil of black mousseline de soie instead of a long crape veil falling to the heels. How this would horrify the women of South America and the Spanish countries, who sit about in a circle in a room with closed blinds, wrapped in great shawls, discussing for nine days after the funeral of the departed one all his traits and qualities and preferences, and all the things he would have done if death had not inopportunely interfered.

It is a question which of these manifestations gives us the most strength or helps us the most to find the will to continue to live. Surely it is not by outward signs that suffering may be judged, and yet it seems only reasonable, for the sake of convention, to wear the sign of mourning and to wear it without ostentation. Morally speaking, life must not be hampered by a constant return to what is past, and materially speaking, we must find new channels for our activities to keep us from the contemplation of what is irrevocable and against which it is useless to struggle.

Even before the war, some mourning had become a little theatrical in France. In many instances it was not because of the loss of a husband or a child, but for a grandmother or grandfather that many pretty young women wore those veils with becoming folds which set off their complexions and their profiles. They invented forms which were strange and eccentric rather than modest, as logic would indicate for the circumstances. But in the years of folly which preceded this world upheaval, this fancy-dress mourning was not so utterly out of harmony with daily events; now the actual and tremendous sufferings which we are undergoing have taught us the real meaning of mourning.

Since so many young men and others not so young have fallen in full possession of their powers in the defense of their country; since so many brides have found themselves without the husbands whom they loved so dearly, mourning garments have taken second place. It is no longer a question of seeing whether a veil is becoming to these childlike faces. This outward sign of grief would have almost disappeared, but for social forms, for now the most elegant woman is distinguished from the working woman only by her charm and the quality of the materials she wears. Gone are the strange hats, the Grecian veils, the Middle Ages trains, and the hoods which hid the face and which were worn only in wool; gone are the days when carriages were upholstered in black, the mirrors of one's apartment covered for six months, and the apartments themselves done in black and grey, with only white flowers about.

MODERATION IN MOURNING

Other problems break our hearts, and from now on they must occupy our minds, and life must be reborn from all this death—a stronger more intense life, like the green buds of spring which later will change to big leaves. The conditions of modern life have changed; the future is dark with uncertainty, and a certain moral stamina is necessary. Life must be the sole aim of our hopes, our struggles, and our triumphs, and we must make every effort to put out of our minds this drama of separation. We must acknowledge that every one has recognized this truth, for at this moment numberless young wives and mothers have put their tenderness and devotion into acts of useful service, instead of allowing themselves to pine with grief. We know how heavy their hearts are. In the spring sunshine of Paris how many women in mourning one sees; but it is a mourning full of courage, so to speak, because it is quiet and in perfect taste. No more of the crape costumes in which women were wrapped like statues of grief. Suits and dresses are made of cashmere and serge, and only a little crape is used on the collar and cuffs. Hats for deep mourning no longer look as if they were the mark of some order devoted to the cult of death; they are quiet, without any theatrical note, and make a simple frame for the widow's narrow band of white. One may say without exaggeration that sensational mourning of the sort that attracts attention in the streets is now the badge of women of bad taste.

THE FRENCH MOURNING OF TO-DAY

To-day, too, people in mourning go out much more than they used to, on account of the new conditions of our lives. In the present circumstances it is impossible to indulge oneself in the grief of other days: one must face life more bravely. Whatever our feelings, to the theatre we must go with the wounded and convalescent; we must ask men on leave to dinner or invite them to our homes for tea, instead of shutting ourselves absolutely out of the world as we used to. Those who have gone in a cloud of glory have left to us who remain a task to accomplish and an ideal for which to strive. It is this task to which the young mothers are devoting themselves, and which the older ones are impressing upon the very young boys who have not yet been called to the colours. And this task requires courage and cheerfulness. One sees families in mourning dining in all the hotels and restaurants. This does not indicate indifference, for it is due to the common necessity of taking meals away from home because there are no servants to be had to prepare the meals at home. There is in this breaking away from old customs a fine and inspiring symbolism, for in every patriotic heart there is the vital desire to be proof against moral as well as material destruction. After all, the wearing of mourning is a selfish thing, a gratification of personal sorrow. True mourning is of the heart, not the garments. And the passing of deep mourning and mourning customs, in this terrible emergency, has shown the suppression of personal grief for the sake of France and those who remain to carry on its gloriously brave ideals.

PARIS INDULGES IN GRACEFUL SUMMER FANCIES

Thin Dresses and Shade Hats Allow a Wide Scope for Charm of Colour and Design of Which Couturiers and Modistes Are Quick to Take Advantage

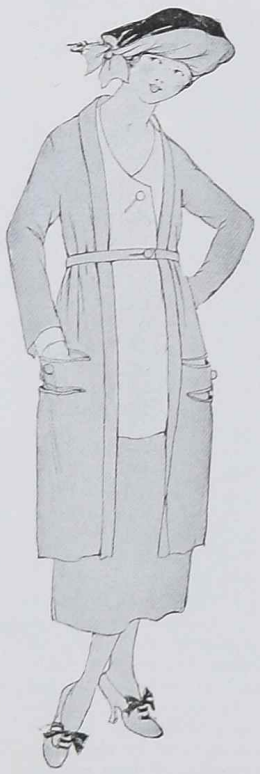
JEANNE DUC

A hat with a narrow ruffle of picoted ribbon, and a bit of ribbon tied about the crown is considered by the Parisienne as a pleasant preparation for a place in the sun

IF there are any among us who have an idea that, because it is difficult to get everything our fancy suggests, we are living in abnormal times, these persons should talk with a certain journalist who has just returned from Berlin and has brought with him some details which shed an interesting light on life in upper German circles. In the first place, he states, there is not a yard of material of any kind to be found in Germany; moreover, the great ladies of society who continue to receive and to give dinners have only four-year-old dresses to wear, bought in Paris, and, as these dresses are holding together by little more than a thread, the very smartest line of conversation is, "You see it's time the war is over so that I may go to Paris and order some new frocks."

PARIS IS STILL CHIC

After all, the world relies on French imagination for elegance and taste in clothes. And surely any one can understand the reason for this from the creations which have been put on the market this spring. The unanimous opinion is that in all these models the materials are excellent, and the taste which has been shown is surpassed only by ingenuity. This impression was confirmed for me only two or three days ago when, from my window, I saw on the balcony of the big hotel opposite, a young woman who had come to stay with her husband during his Paris leave. She was dressed in a more studied and elaborate way than a Parisienne would have been, perhaps, but she was so elegant and so utterly smart that she made one feel that the war was over. A dress of yellow gauze with white stripes, transparent and changing under the hot sunlight, was held in by a bit of pink ribbon for a belt,—a note of light and gaiety and a happy contrast to the grim life we are leading. Her shoulders were half hidden and half revealed by two pèlerine collars in yellow tulle outlined by a tiny pleated ruching of yellow silk. The dress was fastened with tiny pearl buttons. This flower-like dress, sketched second from the left at the top of page 35, had Jenny's signature, like many others which are shown in the chic sketches on these pages.



PREMET

The Parisienne has found this tan covert cloth dress with a white piqué gilet a sure way of looking her best in street clothes

A dark blue serge dress with braid edge is trim and tailored with the aid of a little white piqué and its pearl buttons

PREMET

This is the back of the tan dress sketched at the left, and shows to what sudden and unexpected ends coats can come

LUCIE HAMAR

Black patent leather and pink satin ribbon have entered into a marriage of convenience to make this béret. The ribbon ties in a bow on the side

LANVIN — JENNY — JENNY — LANVIN

The owner of a grey etamine sports dress embroidered in grey braid, tucks an end of her scarf collar under her belt, slips a hand into one of her twin pockets, and wonders what the dressmakers will think of next

A yellow tulle collar edged with two ruchings of yellow faille ribbon gives an air of the days of the Empress Eugénie to this yellow and white voile dress, and a pink ribbon tied belt has the demure air of that period

Three feathers (not wanted for the moment by the Prince of Wales) were seized upon by Jenny as just the pink and blue things she wanted for this yellow Georgette crêpe dress with its charming white embroidery

It doesn't sound very exciting—"a dress of blue etamine, with a collar and girdle of white jersey," but translated by a French dressmaker it means the inimitable smartness which is the birthright of Paris frocks

A particularly delightful one was worn by one of our prettiest actresses, and is sketched second from the right on this page. It was of yellow Georgette crêpe, and a very unusual and charming detail was the addition of three pink and blue feather flowers, the result of much work and taste, which were fastened at the waist. Every detail of the costume has been considered here as if nothing in our existence were changed. The present fashion is an incontestable challenge which stimulates the confidence of every one—a confidence in which we are sure to be justified.

THE WILL TO CREATE IN PARIS

While our relatives who do not live in Paris are writing frenzied letters because of the stories in the newspapers, do you know what one of my friends is doing? She is a person whose birth has given her a high place in French society, and she has gone to a neutral country to sell things which have been made by our manufacturers of luxuries,—but she has gone fortified by an exquisite wardrobe which will prove to foreigners that France and the French are perhaps not so much to be pitied as people think. It's rather a nice idea, don't you think? And you must admit that the very pages of this present issue, full of new and pretty models, show that we really can't be nearly so badly off as our neighbours beyond the Rhine. Perhaps there are some non-combatants who imagine that we have completely forgotten the summer season in the country or at the sea-shore, forgotten the appropriate clothes for such diversions, the transparent elegances for dinner in the open air, and the sports that are so good for our health. What a mistake!

Just look at that simple model from Lanvin to be worn on the golf links, sketched at the upper right on this page. It is in navy blue etamine with a collar of white jersey and a girdle to match. How smart that big blouse is, with its two-toned jersey belt. The one at the upper left is from Lanvin, too, with its collar bordered with white jersey on grey etamine, a border which falls over the left shoulder and forms a scarf which is tucked into the belt, ready to throw over one's shoulder after a hard game. Marthe Gautier, who has just established herself at Deauville, as if the races were beginning again to-morrow, has shown us a series of charming novelties in sports waistcoats, tennis costumes, and other outdoor fantasies. Some of the new waistcoats, in heavy striped linen, are very tight at the hips, where they button, and have a charm that tempts every one who sees them. A new idea which is practical for the cool hours when one sits out under the stars, is a scarf which envelopes the figure like an Indian waist-cloth. This is sketched at the lower right on page 38.

ENCOURAGING THE LUXURIES

There is great originality in the cut of a Beer sports dress which is so simple that it is almost commonplace. It is in two shades of jersey, embroidered with tennis racquets and croquet mallets, and is sketched at the lower left on page 37. Poiret, original as always, shows us a dress of white tussor striped in blue, of which the sleeve is most original, as one can see by the sketch at the upper right on page 37.

Don't think that I am encouraging an exaggerated coquetry at a time when economy is the rule. But since I saw, a few days ago on the Quai de la Mégisserie, some one so oblivious to what is going on as to buy three Japanese goldfish for the sum of three hundred francs, without the tax, I think I ought to do all in my power to induce this same person to buy something else. If, under the pretext of doing what's right, she should tell me that in war times one should not order dresses, I can only tell her that there was never a time when it would be more practical to order them. Her goldfish will be dead in a week, and I wonder who, unless it be the man who sold them, has profited by the transaction. The manufacture of materials and articles of luxury is so very much on the decline that we must watch over it and support it in every possible way. This is a national duty.

A SCHOOL FOR FRENCH ARTISTS IN SPAIN

It is interesting to hear the debates at the Institute, where questions of peace times are much discussed. Several members had the happy idea of establishing a Villa Velasquez, at Madrid, like the Villa Medicis, at Rome, where all the prize-winning students of the École des Beaux Arts might receive further training. Recently, on one of those melancholy evenings when the silence of the streets seems to add to the darkness, I went to dine at the Restaurant la Pérouse, down on the quays, where numerous aeroplanes have already dropped bombs. As I sat at a table near Widor, the permanent Secretary of the Academy, we began talking about that wild and brilliant Spain, of past and present beauty. Widor is one of the most ardent promoters of this Villa idea and has already obtained the ground, not far from the royal palace, opposite that splendid barren stretch which crosses the Mansanarez. We both recalled vivid memories of Spain, that gay land of flowers where the carriages and the elegance of the women have a seductive charm so different from that of our own Paris. A few months ago we were both there at the same time and were received by the Queen, who is thoroughly in sympathy with the Allies and who gets all her clothes from Paris, which she loves. She takes the greatest interest in the life which goes on here and talks of the city as if it were a dear friend. Spain is almost the only country where

CHÉRUIT

The narrow yellow braid that trims this linon frock might almost suggest the designer's tape measure—if it wasn't so obvious that one couldn't possibly measure the smartness of those new and naïve lines

JENNY

Even this Paris frock of marine blue serge is wearing a domestic little apron of taffeta, in order to make sure of looking as businesslike as a little frock should during war time. The spangly collar is a circular fringe of marine blue beads and paillettes that twinkle enough to serve as the only trimming

JENNY

Evidently the Parisienne, like the rest of us, developed a love for pink and white stripes in peppermint-stick days and has never outgrown it. On this cotton crêpe frock with its gilet and sleeves of white organdie, some of the delectable stripes are cut out and allowed to keep on at the bottom below the hem

one does not feel the war at present, and where, after a visit to the Prado in the morning, one may make plans for a gay evening. Fortunate country!

In Paris some staunch friends of England and a large number of English officers conceived the idea of giving dances once a week in the evening. The gatherings were large, and they served to distract people for the moment from all the horror and suffering that surrounded them. But a cry of scandal was raised to such good effect that the mistresses of hospitable houses were obliged to give up providing those who came back from the front with a pleasure and amusement that was far from being harmful. Must slander always triumph as in the time of Basil? It is certainly a mistake to believe that grief is ever productive of either energy or action.

But most of our prominent women, very sensibly, continue to receive guests as often as possible. People say that Paris is deserted and lacking in interest. But if one knocks at a friendly door, one will find gathered about the tea-table in the little salon a group of the most delightful women in society, of men who have either just come from, or are just leaving for the front, of others who are stationed in Paris, and an occasional artist whom age has kept from the war. This very week I have been to four or five such teas, where the women were all dressed without eccentricity or conspicuousness, but with that discreet and exquisite elegance characteristic of the grande dame. The Comtesse de Bonin Longare, the wife of the new Italian Ambassador, has made a sensation, not only by her marvellous charm, but also by the perfect and very original taste in which she dresses. She was charming one day in a long dress of black satin, cut in a deep square under a very long string of pearls, and a black toque covering her beautiful dark hair. As I talked with this brave woman, who has a son fighting in Italy, I thought what an admirable example of simple and beautiful serenity she gave, smiling and calm in the midst of bombarded Paris.

The Baroness Huard, the wife of the Naval attaché of the French Embassy in Rome, was present at this same gathering, radiant with youth, dressed in a harmony in brown which fitted her to perfection. Her dress was of brown silk with a discreet line of gold in the back,

and very open in the neck; with it she wore a cape of the same silk, to match her brown hat, made of ribbons and held together, apparently, by pins with big heads made of small pearls. The Comtesse Jean de Lubersac wore a black costume with a finely pleated skirt, and a corsage crossed and knotted in the back, with large Directoire revers, very wide at the shoulders. The Comtesse de Pradère looked charmingly young and pretty with her hat of bright pink straw and her white lingerie dress.

Every day one sees all these pretty women in the Faubourg Saint Germain quarter, where the owners of ancestral mansions have remained with their family treasures. It is easy to verify

(*Continued on page 83*)

BEER

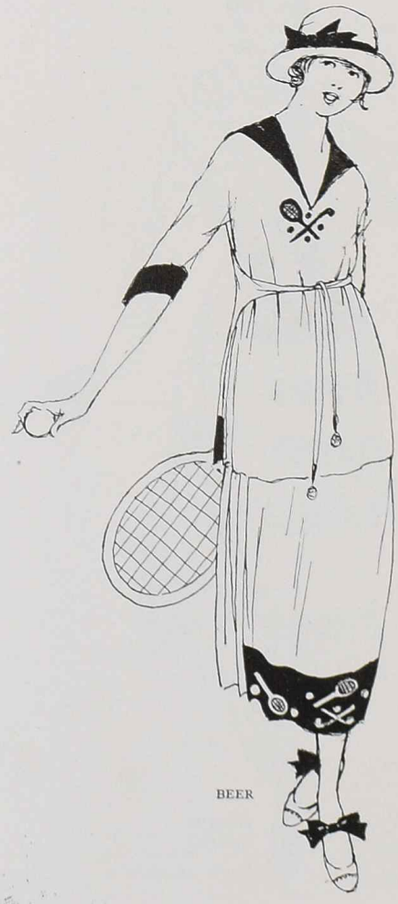
One's afternoon couldn't fail to be sunny in this frock of tan chiffon and tan cloth with gold embroidery on the chiffon blouse and a stamped design in gold on the wide tan suède belt above and below which rows of tiny twinkling brass rings carry suède strips

LEWIS

Mlle. Napierkowska wears this futurist garden with its pink, green, yellow, mauve, saffron, and blue roses made of cotton linon and covered with almost invisible blue tulle. Her veil is blue, too, bordered with a blue taffeta bias band and caught to her slim neck with a bow of navy blue ribbon

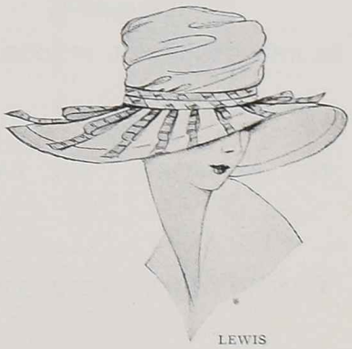
POIRET

Picture this cool white tussur frock with its blue stripes and its crisp white organdie collar and sleeves against a background of smooth country lawn. The blouse simply doubles under at the hips and is tied down with a narrow blue ribbon at the waist



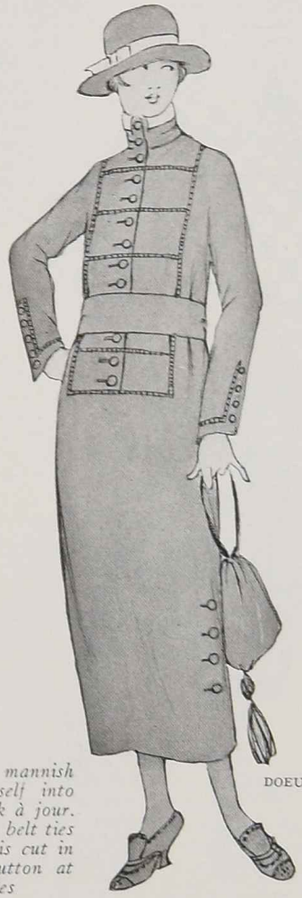
BEER

This sports costume states its business in life quite definitely on the white jersey front of its blouse and the navy blue jersey hem of its skirt, where the games of golf and tennis are referred to in the complimentary terms of embroidery



LEWIS

Pink French crêpe for a crown, pink organdie for a sheer down-curving brim, pink satin ribbon striped in gold, placed petal-wise—it looks as unsophisticated as a clove carnation at the garden gate. But nowadays when a thing is, you know it isn't; the French invented camouflage



DOEUILLET

This navy blue serge bit of mannish femininity has divided herself into squares with rows of blue silk à jour. The buttons are of serge, the belt ties in the back, and the dress is cut in two straight pieces that button at each side of the ankles

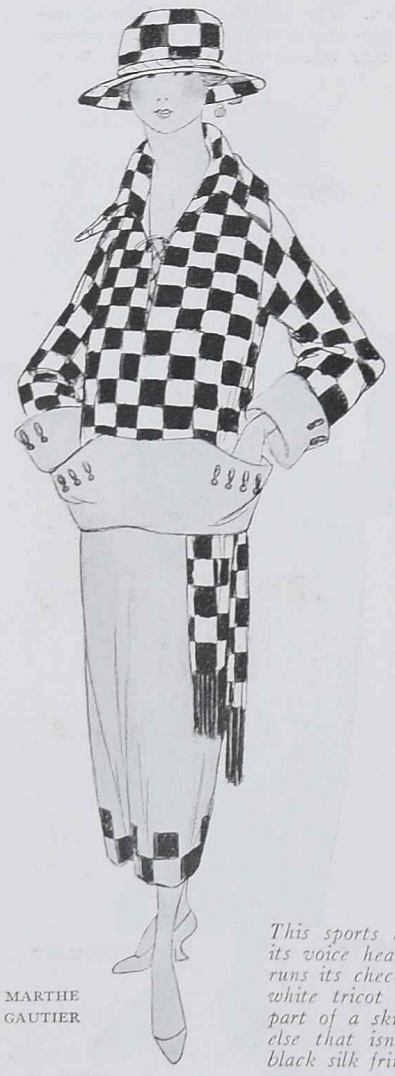
MARTHE GAUTIER

The lady is not impersonating Jacob's ladder. She is merely wearing her new tricot waistcoat, striped round and round in black and grey over a white ground, into which she fastens her so-French self with a black woollen lace

MARTHE GAUTIER

In this tricot waistcoat with which Marthe Gautier brightens life in Paris, the stripes run in vertical bars of blue, red, black, and white. Black silk binds the oddly cut edge of the waistcoat, which is very tight at the hips at either side

"MY WAISTCOATS AND SCARFS MAY BE CHECQUERED OR STRIPED," SAYS THE PARISIENNE, "BUT GAY AND AMUSING THEY MUST BE"



MARTHE GAUTIER

This sports costume, calculated to make its voice heard above any bombardment, runs its checquered career in a black and white tricot hat, with blouse, sash, and part of a skirt of tricot, with everything else that isn't black woollen buttons or black silk fringe, deciding on white tricot

MARTHE GAUTIER

This mauve grey scarf of tricot "gratté" has wide blue stripes and blue woollen fringe. It may be worn around one's waist, one's shoulders, or one's throat according to the dictates of the commanding officer wearing the turban, and the state of mind of the variable Paris weather bureau

LIFE *in* NEW YORK HAS JOYS *for* DOGS *and* PUPPETS

The War and Its Thousand Insistent Demands on Time and Purse and Sympathy, Is Never Out of Sight or Mind

© Western Newspaper Union

When Fifth Avenue bloomed with forget-me-nots for Belgium, Miss Grace Vanderbilt was among the tireless and patriotic basket venders

Mrs. David Wagstaff and her favourite Chow meet many friends, canine and human, in the course of an afternoon stroll on Fifth Avenue

YOU may see them any day along Fifth Avenue—the dogs of peace—impertinent Chows, friendly Airedales, romantic deerhounds, inquisitive fox-terriers, aggressive Pomeranians, and retiring bulls. Along the Avenue they trot, usually well to the fore of their mistresses, dogs of every known and, we regret to say, some unknown breeds. War has not shaken in the least their boundless faith in mankind in general and their adoration of the particular specimen to which they have attached themselves.

Whatever may be said of the human population, the fact remains that the joys of canine existence in the metropolis have materially increased of late. When before, in a single stroll, did such delightful possibilities for an unexpected nip present themselves as the floppy trousers of a sailor, the swagger-stick of a visiting Tommy, and the crop of a recently appointed second Lieutenant? Then there are the parades. When a dog went out for his constitutional in the past he always knew just what he was going to see: smart promenaders, hurrying shoppers, leisurely gentlemen on the way to their clubs, nurse-maids and children; but now he must always keep at least one ear cocked for an approaching band; something is always coming and going along the Avenue, and no one is a more enthralled spectator at a parade than a dog.

But the real red-letter days are those on which one goes motoring. Perhaps at the first street corner one's grey-haired and erstwhile sedate mistress beckons to a group of boys from Pelham and takes them to all kinds of delightful and unexpected places, so that one stays out all afternoon instead of an hour as was planned; or in her most courteous French she may extend the hospitality of her car to a couple of blue-uniformed chasseurs with queer round caps and wool stockings, who kiss her hand when they leave and seldom fail to bestow a parting rub on that peculiarly sensitive spot just behind one's ear. Of if one's master's car shows a certain kind of ticket, life is just full of adventures like this, for that ticket means that he has pledged himself to carry soldiers and sailors anywhere along his route and any one of them may hail him if he has an empty seat.

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt wears a printed silk dress with a geisha sash lined with white

Some very interesting things have been written about the reasons why people have dogs, but our private opinion is that the dogs themselves are the explanation. Some women no doubt think them decorative, and others probably trot them along by way of contrast, but most people just like them. There are a great many familiar canine figures on Fifth Avenue. There are, for instance, the two little Pomeranians without which Mrs. Roche seldom goes for a stroll; Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce's West Highland terrier is almost as well known; Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt and Miss Hilda Holmes sponsor German police dogs. At the head of this article is a photograph of Mrs. David Wagstaff and her favourite Chow, and in a recent issue was published a snap-shot of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior, with her little white Sealyham terrier.

There is much to catch the eye along Fifth Avenue, and latest of all novelties is the Puppet Theatre. Little folks' eyes open wide with wonder at the delights offered within the gaily camouflaged playhouse near Fifty-seventh Street where, for the benefit of the Red Cross, Tony Sarg's marionettes daily go through their amazingly human antics. There is nothing along the Avenue which equals the colour scheme of the windows done by Messrs. Brodski, Taneji, and Ferrand, of the Penguin Club, in a combination of cubist and futuristic effects. At night a most eloquent barker—one would take oath he was of Luna Park tutelage—holds forth upon the fascination of the place, and a delightful white-pantalooned clown gives the enthralled crowd a foretaste of the delights offered within.

On the afternoon of the opening day, our artist made the sketches which accompany this article; several children's parties occupied the French blue benches which line the tented in-

Mrs. Le Grand Griswold and her son followed the careers of Tony Sarg's marionettes, who are performing for the benefit of the Red Cross

Little Florence Baker gives her bit to "Little Greta," the puppet Red Cross nurse who pleads for donations to the cause at each performance

terior. Mrs. George Baker, junior, was among the hostesses, and her small daughter was sketched as she went forward to drop her contribution in the outstretched apron of "Little Greta," the blonde-haired, blue-frocked, Red Cross nurse, — a most popular member of the Puppet cast, who, after the performance, made an appeal for the organization which was most generously answered.

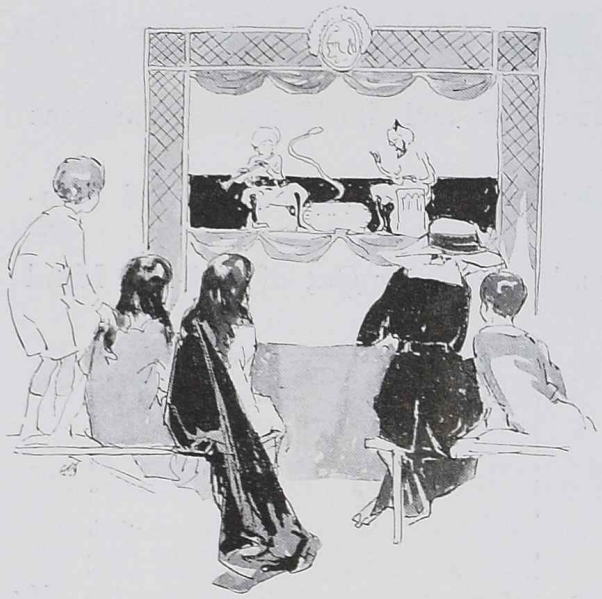
Mrs. Le Grand Griswold with her two small boys was also in the audience, a slender, young, white-haired mother of great charm. The old gentleman who sits beneath the strenuous camel was one of the most engrossed spectators of the afternoon, and although he did not jump upon the bench and shriek his delight at the various crises in the performance, as did the more youthful members of the audience, his delight was quite as apparent from the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes.

Forget-me-nots, the favoured flower of the Queen of Belgium, blossomed on every corner of Fifth Avenue one afternoon a short time ago, when débutantes, and sub-débutantes, and sub-sub-débutantes, sold boutonnières for the benefit of the Belgian babies. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was in charge of the flower girls, who started out with their trays from her house, and her daughter, Miss Grace Vanderbilt, who was one of the most energetic venders of posies. Many picturesque little scenes took place along the Avenue that afternoon, and one of them shows Miss Kate Prentice, the daughter of Mr. John H. Prentice, concluding a sale with an animated French officer in front of the house of Mrs. William Douglas Sloane.

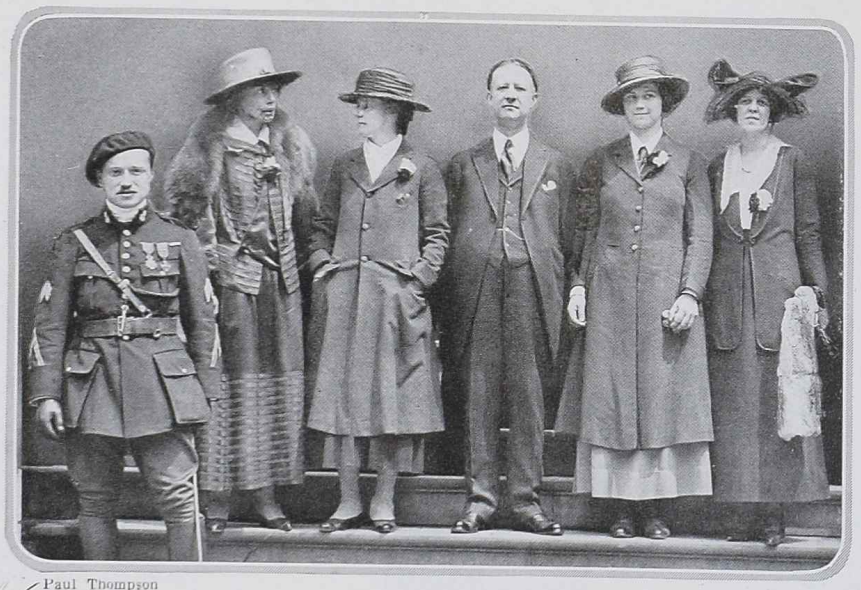
The photograph in the middle of this page shows the arrival at City Hall of the Liberty Coach, which during the recent Liberty Loan drive went all the way from Buffalo to New York collecting subscriptions along the road. In the absence of Mayor Hylan, Acting Mayor Alfred E. Smith received the coaching party, which was driven by Miss Marion Hollins and which included among its occupants Mrs. Arthur Iselin, Mrs. Thomas Hastings, Miss Marion Hollins, and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. The arrival of the coach was greeted with much enthusiasm, and when Miss Hollins presented Acting Mayor Smith with the large bundle of proclamations showing that every town and city on the route had given its quota to the loan, she was greeted by a real ovation.

Warm weather has come to town to stay, and all the prophecies in regard to summer clothing seem about to be verified. The printed silks which the dressmakers have for a number of years attempted to revive seem this season to have come into their own. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt is among the sponsors of printed silks, and she looks unusually cool and comfortable in a gown of dark blue foulard, spotted with white, which has a large geisha sash caught high at the back of her bodice; its size emphasizes her characteristic slenderness.

One of the smartest of Callot's recently imported models was sponsored by a slender dark-haired woman lunching at the Ritz the other day. It is a frock of black tricotine made entirely without trimming. The bodice is of normal length in front but blouses down considerably below the waist-line at the back. This frock, which has the straight shoulder to shoulder neck-line, was topped by a small black toque with a long streamer of tulle about the throat.



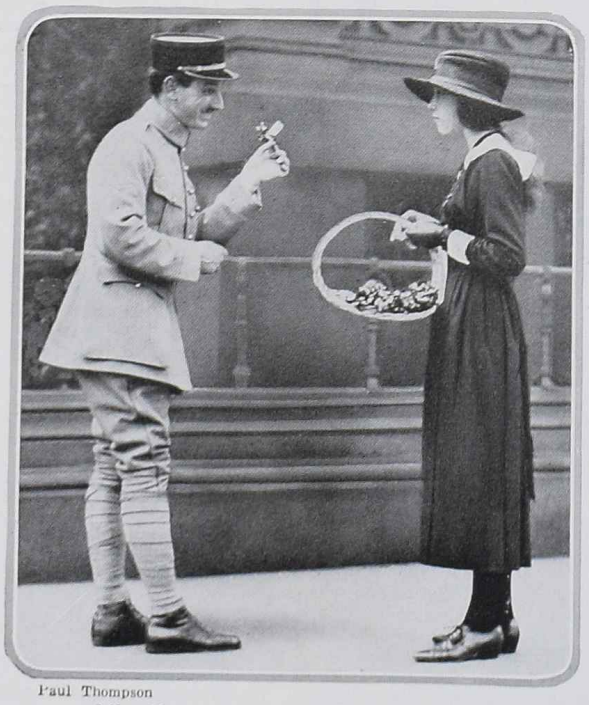
Shrieks of delight that recall the enthusiasm of children at the Guignols in the Champs Elysées and Luxembourg gardens greet the puppets at the new Marionette Theatre on Fifth Avenue near Fifty-seventh Street



Paul Thompson

Acting Mayor Alfred E. Smith receives the Liberty Coach party. At the left of Lieutenant Le Moal stand Mrs. Arthur Iselin, Mrs. Thomas Hastings, Acting Mayor Smith, Miss Marion Hollins, Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt

A black tricotine Callot dress seen at the Ritz recently is an example of the popular dark untrimmed dress



Paul Thompson

Miss Kate Prentice found a sympathetic buyer of flowers for the benefit of Belgian babies in this smiling French officer

Mrs. Angier B. Duke wears a graceful cape of closely pleated blue gabardine and a broad hat of blue straw

The new gown, like the new woman, is growing more and more independent; this one has scorned the aid of any trimming, although by nature, being of pale biscuit colour chiffon, it is soft and clinging. All those quaint horse-shoe loops of frilly ruffles that cascade up and down the skirt are of the chiffon, picot edged, and the bodice with its high neck-line at the front and its hood-like draping at the back, is chiffon, too. The sash, however, is of ribbon, deep purple on one side and pale blue on the other, with a wide blue and purple fringe, and the broad-brimmed hat is of écru lace

Even our puritanical ancestors would have approved of this frock, for all its worldly up-to-dateness and its soft becoming lines, for it is of Quaker-like grey linen with only those straight and narrow tucks, that demure white organdie collar, and the ingenuous white organdie sash for its trimming. Surely no little frock could be more primly simple, but, also, no little frock could be more smartly simple—and that is the whole duty of a summer frock. The big shady hat is of grey swiss dotted with white and topped with a softly draped crown

Mull, that soft material of cool and pleasant memories, has come to town once more, in the loveliest pale summer gowns imaginable. The model above is of pale pink mull, with rows and rows of cordings acting as collar and cuffs and belt and trimming, and with ever so many tiny mull-covered buttons backing them up. Millinery, too, has recruited mull to its service, for the big drooping leghorn hat is faced with pink mull and bound with French blue mull, while its crown has a drapery of embroidered blue mull

This is another trimmingless frock, and this time there isn't even a collar or a bit of ribbon to break the spell. It's of dark brown chiffon, every bit of it—even the binding on the two deep flounces of the skirt, the narrow binding that finishes the high neck-line, and the sash that grew out of the front part of the bodice. The big sailor hat is as true to brown chiffon as the frock, for they both know—as does many a costume this season—that no material is cooler or more becoming

FROCKS FROM MARJORIE WORTH AND RUTH ROBERTS

THE NEWEST FROCKS ARE TRIMMINGLESS AFFAIRS, DEPENDING ON THEIR MATERIAL FOR THEIR RUFFLES AND BINDINGS AND CHARM

If Joseph had a coat of many colours, then Josephine assuredly has found the hat to match it in this wide gypsy-brimmed affair of old Indian calico, jade green, embroidered in shades of rose and yellow, and then more shades of each, and more again. The brim is faced with gold coloured silk and round the crown goes a busy little ribbon of rose velvet, tied at one side

HATS FROM OGILVIE

Though East is East and West is West, the twain have met quite delightfully in this hat of Chinese grass linen, sheer and light as chiffon, with its hand-made taffeta flowers in all sorts of unexpected colours and its strands of narrow velvet shoe-string ribbon in Chinese blue, slipped through the fold of Chinese grass linen that falls over the edge

Those little brown-skinned Polynesians who eat breadfruit and wear tappa wouldn't know that favourite cloth of theirs made into this broad-minded hat the colour of chamois skin, painted with brown tree-root dyes, and hung all round with carved brown wooden beads. The crown has achieved a most un-Eastern black ribbon and the South Sea expanse of the underbrim is faced becomingly with tête de nègre silk

The Most Resourceful Sun Couldn't Plant

A Freckle Back of the Barrage Offered by

These Three Summer Hats From the East

Baron de Meyer

HATS FROM PEGGY HOYT

POSED BY BETTY LEE

(Above) What were mirrors made for if not for hats like this? Natural leghorn was the excuse but blue roses were the real reason — blue roses with organdie petals and taffeta hearts, climbing up to a blue organdie crown. The ribbon that comes to so negligent a bow is blue, too, with a silver edge, and the blue taffeta facing the under brim makes the background that an astute camofleur would choose to mask a battery of blue eyes

(Left) At least once in her life every woman wants to be a pinch of sweet rose coloured dust with a soul like an apple blossom and positively no heart at all. This Watteau hat of rough pink straw is warranted to materialize the very spirit of that mood, for it has a light garland of crystal bead and taffeta flowers, a drape and bow of Nattier blue ribbon, a delicate chou of pink tulle—pouf! One could blow it away. But one wouldn't

One of the best pieces of propaganda which has been advanced in the great summer drive for simplicity is this large shape of Tuscan straw in light tan colours with a black moire ribbon knotted at one side of the twisted crown and two narrow pipings of black moire ribbon on the under brim; two hats from Ogilvie

For the sort of person who only counts the sunny hours an immense black leghorn hat is an absolute necessity. Yellow velvet appliqué daisies, between narrow bands of yellow ribbon, decorate the crown with their unfailing charm, and the brim is bound with yellow ribbon which also flutters in two short ends at the back

Baron de Meyer

The sophistication which this blue milan straw, faced with cherry red taffeta, gains from being brilliantly lacquered bears fruit in a wreath of cherries, tiny pink peaches, lemons, and yellow pears which encircles the crown. The end of the navy blue tulle scarf which drapes this festive harvest is wound about the wearer's throat and shoulders; posed by Betty Lee

A hat designed to wear with a dance frock is made of black tulle, and around the brim there are tiny ruffles of black maline edged with brilliant tinsel braid. Gold and silver daisies are embroidered on the pale blue ribbon, and the Georgette crêpe scarf, in marine blue and sky blue, is gay with wool-embroidered wheat and field flowers; two hats from Peggy Hoyt

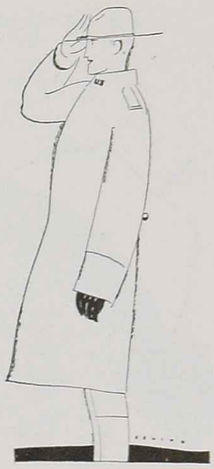
THE VELVET HAND IN THE IRON GLOVE

Woman, Who, of Course, Has Always Shone With Man's Reflected Light, Now Insists On Her Share of the Glory That Is Khaki

By J. RAMON FERNANDEZ

Sketches by Benito

This is a portrait of Mimi Pinson. The bandbox hides her hat —that famous solitaire — but nothing could conceal her scorn for women in uniform



This is "Sammie" who, in solemnly saluting Mimi and her bandbox (symbol of Manon Lescaut and La Du Barry), does homage to the eternal Parisienne

When one is confronted by so dashing and beautiful a creature as this, one's convictions as to the charm of conventional feminine dress begin to weaken

THERE is nothing new in the idea that all historic, literary, or artistic events are reflected in the styles of the day. This is especially true in France where a certain school of writers or painters gives its name to a certain type of coat or hat; a political success to some new fashion which successfully replaces the long-established ones. Who does not remember the Mary Stuart toques and the Blanche of Castile fichus?

In the reign of Louis Philippe, the uniform of the African cavalry was copied by every fashionable nabob who longed to wear pleated trousers and a burnoose. Some fashions had their origins nearer home, and all the elegants, around 1865, wore "Colonel" hats and Garibaldi blouses. It is really a way of showing interest in the events of the day —this registering in fashions certain events which are tragic or even merely happy. "The more things change, the more they remain the same," said Alphonse Karr. The way in which the French express their important events is an illustration of this paradox, for now, when things are changing faster than ever before, by a psychological quirk peculiar to the French each new happening is reflected, as it always has been, in the clothes one sees from day to day.

Even the horrors of this war could not keep the military touch out of our costumes. For three successive years now we have had to face the deplorable exaggerations and deformities of these imitations of masculine uniforms, which have surpassed even the atrocities of fashion which were committed some years ago. Do you remember the terrible costumes which were the very last cry of the mode then? Wouldn't it be extraordinary to see a woman come into a drawing-room dressed as almost all of us were in 1900? How dreadful those pinched waists were, and that strange and bizarre millinery. In those years we were so loaded with draperies and chiffons and a general conglomeration of things that a friend of mine said to me, "The women of to-day look as if they were moving and were taking with them everything in the house." He was quite right, as women of true taste were quick to realize; they protested against such stupidities and kept the lines of whatever period was best suited to their type.

THE UBIQUITOUS UNIFORM

They frankly ignored the fashion, in details and in general effect, and when the war burst upon us they seemed, superficially at least, to have the right attitude; and they were not obliged to choose between doing away with their entire wardrobe or looking grotesque in a city that was plunged into mourning. These women did not feel that they must adopt immediately a military type of dress, which is more than can be said of many substantial dowagers who suddenly found their social life cut short; reduced to visiting hospitals in the morning, and to bread-and-butter (but very little butter) teas in the afternoon, these poor creatures found an escape for their fantasies in military accoutrements.

It may be charming, I admit, to see a discreet gleam of gold epaulettes on the shoulder of an exquisite young woman, but it is, to put it mildly, unfortunate, to meet some full-blown beauty, dressed like an officer of the British navy, with a short skirt, instead of trousers, as the only indication of her sex.

Hardly was war declared when the big capes of the cavalry officers became the A. B. C. of elegance. These were of the regulation colour, material, and cut, so that at a distance one wondered whether the person thus decked out were a man or a woman, for, I hasten to add, a constable's hat, such as is worn in many regiments, but especially in the cavalry, completed the martial charm of this costume. Do you think this sort of madness stopped here? Not at all. Not only did women wear Serbian cloaks and hats, but some especially sentimental souls, much agonized by the sad lot of these people, wished to consecrate themselves to their service by wearing the Hussar's jackets and aigrettes.

When Italy entered the lists, the Italian officers' capes became the desire of every one who could, by fair means or foul, get the pattern or pay a golden price for one of the real capes. As for the Russians, the grey greatcoat, the cartridge belt, and the cap were utilized by more

(*Continued on page 84*)

What would Oscar Wilde, who said that twenty years of domesticity made a woman look like a public building, think of this imposing Tank?

Only by the width of a furled umbrella may one distinguish the defended from the defenders, now that uniforms cover a multitude of women

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

If the war is a disaster for the silks of Europe, it is an opportunity for the silks of China and Japan, and they are arriving in America in all sorts of delightful guises and making war-time frocks that may be worn at any hour. Both this patterned silk and the plain shantung are of a durable quality, yet reasonable in price

(Right) Pongee makes the most practical of the warm-weather suits, particularly with a variety of waistcoats,—plain ones for morning and elaborate ones to add formality

As long as there is a war, it is right that wardrobes should be founded on war-time incomes. Women will continue to dress well, but with sensible economy. They will discover the fabrics that offer the best available service. Fashionable New York women who, in the past, have thought nothing of buying several gowns of practically the same type, now choose with care but one gown of each of the types essential for the season at hand. And if one gown will fill the rôles of several, so much the better. The woman of taste does not lose sight of important accessories nor of the possibilities which they offer. She will make her gown fit the many occasions she attends by a change of collar or the addition of a touch of colour, a parasol, a hat, or a veil, and by changing her low-heeled shoes for a pair of well-made trim afternoon shoes of patent leather or of suède to match her costume. Usually these shoes are fitted with buckles of cut steel or enamel.

The type of gown for general wear which is so much in demand, presents something of a problem, as there are few materials that are adaptable for all occasions and all seasons, and as there is a great scarcity of both silk materials and woollens. One of the foremost dressmakers in New York has used Oriental silks with great success in both daytime and evening clothes. These silks are very lovely and are certain to be extremely fashionable during this scarcity of other silks. They can be brought to this country from Japan and China without crossing the war zone and at a lower rate than before the war when they were imported from France. The prices of these silks have remained the same, while other prices are soaring, and the importers of Oriental fabrics say that there is a growing demand for them. They are durable and are made in practical although unusual shades, with a soft lustre and a strength and firmness of texture that is not found in ordinary silks. The marking is extremely original and very attractive. A soft Chinese brocade crêpe is like a lovely quality of charmeuse, though with a dull finish like crêpe de Chine for the background; the brocade, with a satin finish, is in the same colour. These brocades are shown in small simple designs as well as in large elaborate spots. In all black or in all white this silk is lovely, and it is equally appropriate for afternoon or evening frocks. It is twenty-seven inches wide and is priced at $4.50 a yard. This is an extraordinary value for an imported silk.

The design at the left of the sketch here is suggested for an afternoon gown of Oriental silk in dull gold colour. The straight and simple blouse is made with a high neck-line, the same at back and front. Long tight sleeves and a turn-over collar of bisque batiste run with embroidery and edged with filet lace only add to the simplicity of the bodice. The skirt is less simple as it drapes about the figure and forms an uneven full tunic at the back, giving a tight effect across the front and at the bottom. A loose sash of the material ties in an unusually large bow at the side back. The material is elaborate in itself, but delicately so, and the total effect is charmingly simple. Such a gown is a real war-time economy, for although it is not cheap, it has an exquisite quality and richness that will last for several seasons. These Oriental brocades may be obtained in a wide variety of designs.

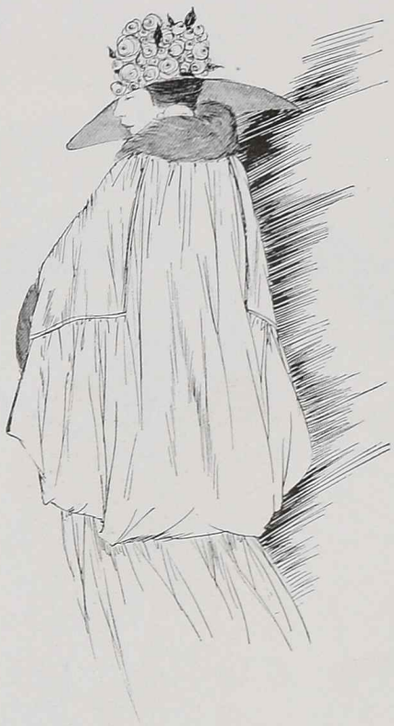
A very different type of silk is a wonderful quality of shantung, also a Chinese fabric, but one which comes only in the natural colour of pongee. It may be had in various qualities, priced from $1.25 to $4 a yard; it is thirty

inches wide. The other frock in the same sketch shows this fabric made up into an afternoon gown of original design, trimmed with touches and facings of mahogany coloured crêpe de Chine. It opens at the shoulder and buttons at one side with shantung-covered buttons which are also used on the sleeves. A collar

Two kinds of Oriental crêpes and a row of buttons are enough to make a frock that is all things to its wearer

of the shantung is lined with crêpe de Chine and cleverly draped so that half is dark and half is light. Loose panels at either side of the plain skirt are lined with the darker shade, giving a charming contrast and accentuating a rather new form of trimming. The long-waisted bodice which wrinkles at the waist is very new and becoming to the average figure.

Another most unusual silk comes to us from the Orient—a wide Yuzen hand-dyed crêpe which is dyed by a special process over many separate stencils resulting in lovely indefinite stripes of olive and peacock blue with tiny red thistles and minute bright green leaves scattered over its surface. This material is, of course, exclusively for summer and for daytime wear, but for this purpose it makes a delightfully cool and refreshing frock. It is twenty-seven inches wide and is priced at $2.50 a yard. A very simple design is most suitable for such a material, and an excellent example of the correct type is shown in the sketch at the upper right on this page. The lines are somewhat like those of a summer suit. The little jacket-like bodice buttons in front and is belted with a narrow ribbon in a matching shade, tied simply at the back. The skirt hangs in deep slightly circular tucks. Fine Chinese batiste makes the plain gilet, which, like the gown, is bound in cordings of the



One may choose one's favourite from among a list of charming materials for this obliging wrap which will serve both afternoons and evenings

Many summer frocks will be of an American-made crêpe that has caught the feeling of the Far East

material. The design and material are especially desirable for the young girl.

The sketch at the upper left on this page is a smart combination of plain and figured Oriental silk, which is most effective in Chinese blue and white, but may be of other hand-dyed colours. It is of shibori, a soft crêpe, patterned

A simple model makes the most of the soft colours and quaint patterns of hand-dyed Oriental silks

in a simple yet conservative design. It is hand-dyed, tied, and knotted, a process at which the Orientals are most expert. This material is as unusual as it is pretty; it is priced at $4.50 a yard and is twenty-seven inches wide. In this model shibori crêpe is used as the upper section and is combined with Canton crêpe, which is also priced at $4.50 a yard and is twenty-seven inches wide. The buttons are covered with the Canton crêpe. The stiff standing collar and sleeve bands are of heavy grosgrain ribbon, lined with pale flesh colour organdie. A loose belt of the Canton crêpe ties about the waist, loops over in back, and ends with deep ravelled edges.

Pongee is an Oriental fabric that will never go out of fashion. It is at its best when made up into a strictly tailored suit, and it is particularly practical for the type of summer suit sketched at the lower right on page 46. This model is not too plain and has just enough softness to give a light summery effect. It is designed to be made of pongee in the natural colour, combined with black satin, the smartest form of trimming for this material. The straight lines of the Louis XV coat suggest a more elaborate vest, and one, perhaps, longer, looser, and more pointed, as more true to type, than the one shown, which is of the material. A

(*Continued on page 86*)

More than seventy years ago Tiffany put these white mosaic lilies on their black onyx background and surrounded them with gold as a frame for the hero of Grandmother's romance, but they are as bravely green and white as ever and far more charming because of their sentimental history; from Robinson

Marie Antoinette owned the locket in the middle with its gold filigree set with pearls, framing an old-blue mosaic background with a pink rose and its green leaves. A turquoise set in gold decorates the diminutive padlock, and there is a tiny gold key. At the right is shown a finely cut cameo locket

NEW LOVES FOR OLD LOCKETS

A silhouette of Nazimova by Ethel Taylor

SENTIMENTALITY is rather out of favour at the present moment. The Germans preempted it long ago, and that reason alone would cause us to turn from its manifestations. As a matter of fact, German sentimentality was a thin veneer concealing a ruthless practicality. And there is a difference between sentiment and sentimentality. Though Europe still thinks us a nation of hard-headed traders whose most typical feat was the invention of the wooden nutmeg, we are really the most sentimental people on earth. The moving-picture makers, who depend for existence upon the dimes of the "peepul," know our weakness. That is why the heroine is always a self-made blonde best characterized by the adjective "cute." Though we may repudiate the charge, a discerning person discovers numerous betrayals. The aisles of the subway exhibit many celluloid brooches adorned with masculine countenances and manly cognomens in tortured wire pinning Georgette crêpe blouses. Many an Ingersoll conceals a love affair, and wide eyes and curls, immortalized by cheap photography, lurk in the corners of shabby bill-folds.

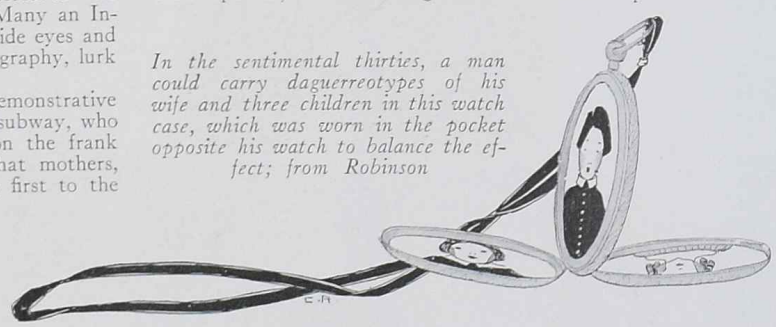
There are probably many less demonstrative thousands, unacquainted with the subway, who look with something like envy upon the frank wearers of such mementos, now that mothers, wives, and sweethearts are turning first to the list of Pershing's casualities every morning. It is for them that we suggest the revival of the locket, that once indispensable adjunct of feminine attire, which flourished in the eighteenth century, was carried over into the nineteenth, and reached its apogee about the seventies. One beauty of that sartorially elaborate time wore at least a dozen of these ornaments, each containing the portrait of a young man who had once been engaged to her. She called it her "Noble Army of Martyrs."

The locket went out completely with the introduction of the bicycle skirt. Women stopped being what their grandmothers called "womanly," at least in the street, and we have no intention of urging them to begin again. But the idea of having a soldier-boy's picture at hand might appeal to a great many women if they could do it discreetly and decoratively. Summery fashions have a hint of elbow-sleeves and fichued propriety this season, which they have not suggested for a long time. And where there is a fichu there may be a locket.

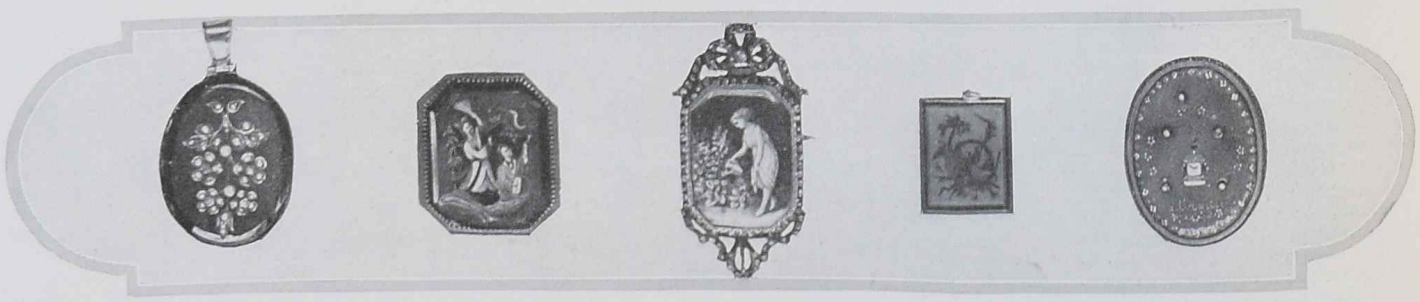
The first thing to be discovered is that a charmingly sentimental bit of such jewellery need not involve a prohibitive expenditure. Really delightful bits of old enamel, cameo work, and mosaic are to be found in the antique shops for very modest sums. An astonishing variety of materials has gone, since Louis XIV's time, into the making of lockets. Besides the different examples shown here, there are engraved crystals, large round carnelians with crests worked out in tiny rose diamonds, jet mourning lockets with a lock of hair of the dear departed, old bits of filigree set with semi-precious stones, many examples of turquoise enamel, cameos in profusion, and delightful things of glass engraved intaglio fashion, painted, and mounted on mother-of-pearl. A certain Scandinavian gentleman had an extraordinary set of waistcoat buttons, a souvenir of a magical visit to Paris where he had made the acquaintance of the entire ballet of the Opéra and had had their portraits painted on glass and mounted into buttons which he wore forever after.

Ethel Taylor's silhouette of Lou Tellegen

Some of the old pieces are too delicate and "old-timey" for anything so modern as a photograph. The problem of using them may be met by the revival of the art of silhouette. Ethel Taylor, whose work is well known, cuts or paints delicate silhouettes of people, which would be charming in a locket. Examples of her work, silhouettes of Lou Tellegan and Nazimova, are shown on this page. She can work from photographs, although she prefers to see her subject. For those who wish something more elaborate than a black paper silhouette, she will paint on ivory in a slightly raised effect. She is working on a method of painting on a sort of composition, mounted on a thin sheet of metal, which gives the effect of a Della Robia medallion in raised cream colour on a blue background. The silhouette, well executed, will never lose its charm and is itself excuse enough for a locket.



In the sentimental thirties, a man could carry daguerreotypes of his wife and three children in this watch case, which was worn in the pocket opposite his watch to balance the effect; from Robinson



A picture slips into the jet Empire locket set with pearls and diamonds; the second locket is of amethyst with an enamel Chinese design; a Louis XVI miniature, in the middle, is painted on ivory and set with diamonds; two gilt birds are painted on blue glass; a burning heart on a green altar decorates a Louis XVI locket; from The Louis XIV Shop

THE MOTOR CORPS OF AMERICA

"WHAT are you doing to help win the war?" is an unspoken question that the world and one's own conscience are firing at each and every one of us almost as constantly as the Germans are firing shells into the Allied lines. And the feminine half of America is finding answers that are as varied and often as satisfactory as the masculine half. Women are nursing, and knitting, and bandage-rolling, and Hooverizing, and doing canteen work, and performing any number of other patriotic services. But one of the most efficient of all these answers has been worked out by the Motor Corps of America, a group of women who are, among other things, acting as official chauffeurs for Uncle Sam.

This organization is, perhaps, the most military of any of the various women's organizations for war work. There is no foolishness about it as any one can see by merely calling upon that small dynamic person, Captain Bastedo, who is the leader, the centre, and the inspiration for the New York branch of this busy organization, at Headquarters, 19 East Fifty-seventh Street. While Captain Bastedo herself states the aims and the purposes of the Corps in crisp incisive sentences, the Corps members who are on duty will, in all probability, be performing such energetic but unromantic tasks as the typewriting of a pile of uninteresting looking documents, the operating of a busy telephone switchboard, or the work of cleaning and dusting the office. But these are the least energetic duties of the Motor Corps. If one really wishes to become a member, one must be prepared to put aside such gentle arts as knitting and to enter upon a strenuous career of drilling and tire-changing and bandaging and shooting and, most of all, of obeying orders of any kind and at any hour of the day or night.

Andrew A. Crawford

With the aid of the Police Department, the Corps is so proficient in pistol practise as to be a dangerous enemy but a valiant defender

THE UNIFORM AND THE RIGHT TO WEAR IT

The uniform of the Motor Corps is a familiar sight among the many varied ones that dot Fifth Avenue these days. It is trimly military and yet frankly feminine—a uniform of khaki with a short skirt, a well-fitting coat, and a hat bearing blue and yellow insignia resembling that of the Royal Flying Corps of England. The Corps is composed of one hundred and thirty-two members, all of whom have for some years driven their own cars and are more or less skilled mechanics. They have given their time and the use of their cars to Government officials of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Secret Service, to be used for dispatch, truck, and ambulance work, and in several other ways, as well. And, although to become a Corps member they must pass a variety of examinations which should prove them models of motor efficiency, they still spend several hours a week studying and drilling in order to make themselves more fit for the work which they may be called upon to do.

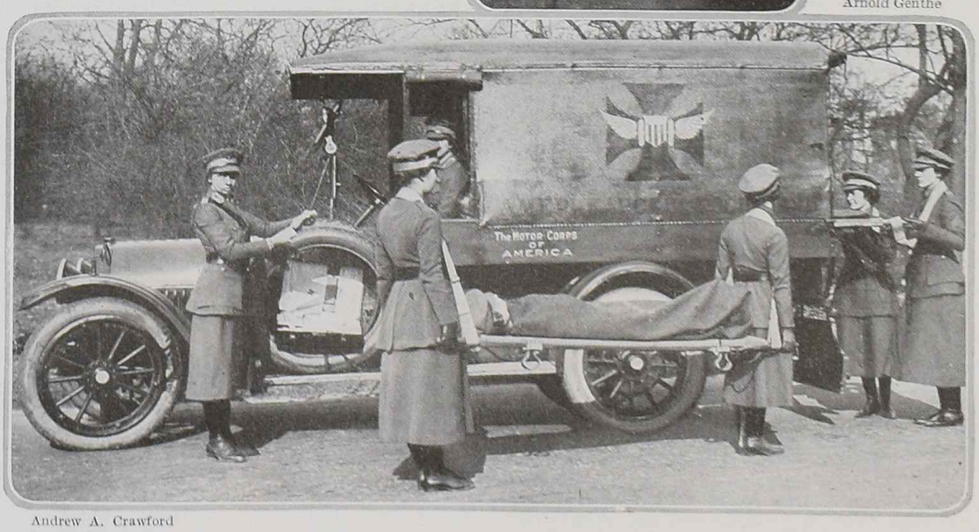
The Corps is organized according to military regulations, simplified and modified to meet its own particular needs. Originally it was a branch of the National League for Women's Service, but last November it withdrew, as it seemed to Captain Bastedo and a large majority of the Corps members that better work could be done by a separate organization, and also because the Corps cherishes the secret hope of some time becoming a part of the regular Army—and one of those many mysterious all-powerful Army regulations forbids the annexation of a part of an organization. The Corps, therefore, decided to be a whole and not a part, and moved into its present home on Fifty-seventh Street, where it began to follow a strenuous programme which would discourage a great many women who think they are working as hard as they can to help win the war. The members are on duty in four-hour shifts during the day, from nine to one and one to five, and some, especially chosen for that service, are also on duty during the night. In addition to this they attend an emergency course at St. Luke's Hospital one morning a week, take part in a stretcher drill under the direction of an Army doctor, are instructed in pistol practice by the Police Department, and drill twice a week at the Seventh Regiment Armory. Recently an exhibition drill was given by the Motor Corps at Madison Square Garden and the Corps received many enthusiastic compliments as a result. Among the numerous encouraging letters which Captain Bastedo is treasuring, is one from an Army officer stating that the Corps executed the infantry drill in a manner which put them into a class with the regular Army. Because of the ambition which has already been mentioned, this was a compliment that was very much appreciated.

The telephone service at the Headquarters includes three

(*Continued on page 84*)

Captain Bastedo is the organizer and leader of the Motor Corps of America

Arnold Genthe



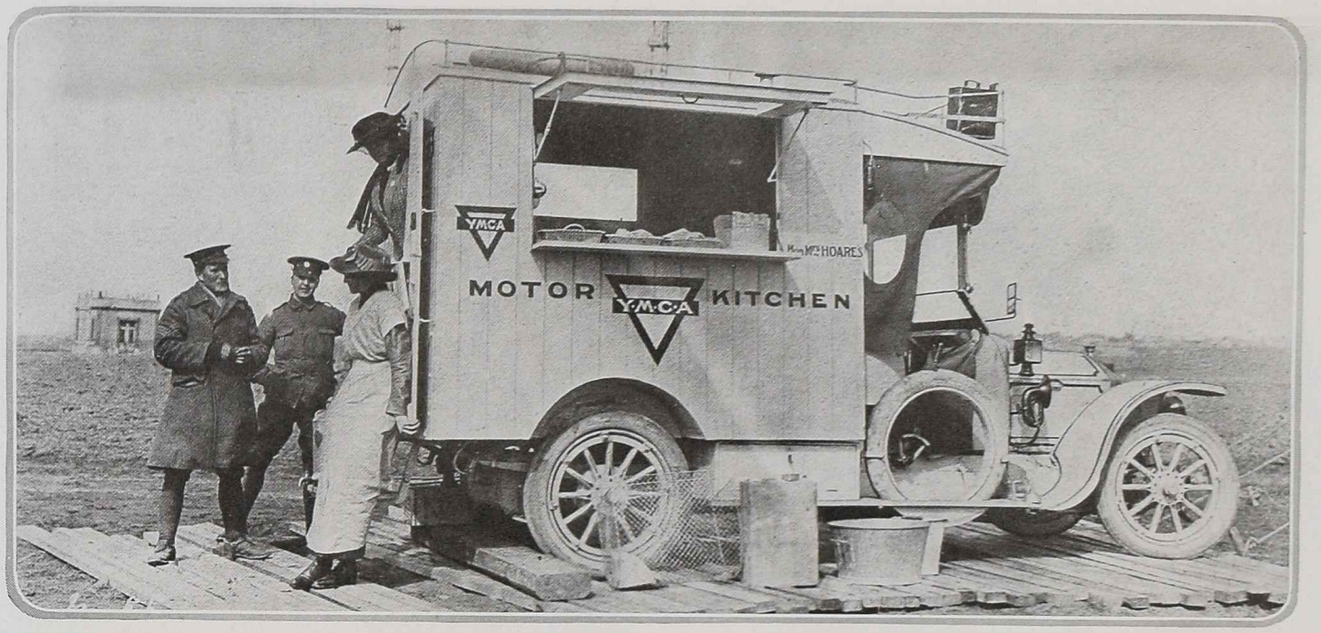
Andrew A. Crawford

Stretcher drill is part of the day's work with the Motor Corps members, who have already proved their skill

Ira L. Hill

MISS SUSAN FISH DRESSER

Miss Susan Fish Dresser, daughter of the late David Le Roy Dresser and niece of Mrs. George Vanderbilt, is an ardent war worker. She belongs to the Inspection Department of the Atlantic Division of the Red Cross and spends part of her time each day working there



The women of the Red Triangle go everywhere in the war areas, short of the trenches themselves, carrying with them not only creature comforts, but the cheering reminder of a world where one's dinner is never interrupted by a bombardment

THE RED TRIANGLE UNDER FIRE

"The Huts—God Bless 'Em!"—a Toast Which Brings Every Soldier in France to His Feet with Hats Off to the Y. M. C. A.

WHEN you crossed the little white margin that divided you from that last page of Vogue, you may not have known it, but you came three thousand miles. You dropped back two thousand years. You reached a world altogether different from anything you had ever seen in your life. This quiet page of black type, set between the vivid shop-fronts of the Rue de la Paix and the coloured tide of Fifth Avenue, is a raw sector of Northern France, a piece of that strange, sombre, mad, shaken, battered, trampled world where thirty-seven million men live only to kill.

Because we who know it at merciful second-hand, find it so hard to see at all, I want you to take these next paragraphs into your very heart; not because they are extraordinary, but because they are typical. Don't just read them. Sit here quietly, with Vogue in your hand, and, as nearly as you can,—live them.

"Only the mud makes it possible to pass through such areas alive while the barrage is on. I had to go through twice in the dark the other night in order to examine breaks so that preparations could be made for repairs as soon as the fire lifted. It was a case of running a few feet and then sprawling face down into the mud while the fragments flew over. Once I was drenched to the skin, more thoroughly than even the driving rain had done it, by the cascade of water that a bursting shell flung over me from one of the old puddles by the track. The plank roads, of course, were absolutely deserted except for the dead and wounded horses. In the very centre of the chaos the shell flashes showed up a badly wounded horse down on his side and struggling feebly. Standing up beside him, dejected but quite untouched, was another, his running mate, I suppose. He looked so pathetic, sticking by his friend to the last. I had a crazy impulse to go to him and try to lead him away, but it would have been sheer suicide to stop there, and in any case he probably wouldn't have come. I did call to him but he paid no attention, and the last I saw he was still standing there alone and unhurt, though the big shells were bursting close enough to send me full length in the mud for such small protection as I could find.

"Another night after the fire had pretty well ceased, I went up the same road. It was broken and absolutely deserted except for the dead—you know the dead because they are laid out neatly by the roadside with their faces covered, so much respect we still have for death. Then we came on a huddled heap in the middle of the road. . . . I've seen the dead by the hundreds and the thousands but something about that one huddled figure in the centre of a deserted road, with the soft steady rain on the face that showed white in the occasional gun flash, struck me with the same sense of pathetic loneliness that the horse had. I had no light but an almost burnt-out electric torch, but I tried to make sure it was a dead man I was leaving in the mud and the cold. . . . I can still feel the queer gritty softness of his mud-spattered rain-wet cheek, where I put my finger tips on it. . . ."

In that monstrous alien world, there is one force, and one only, that is permitted to follow our boys right up to the front line trenches; to keep their war-sick souls in touch with far-away America and all its healing normal activities; to be to them home, club, college, church, theatre, ball park, moving picture house, and department store; to give them the first stamp for home and the last cake of chocolate before they go under fire—the Y. M. C. A.

Last November the "Y" went out campaigning for thirty-five million dollars for its overseas work. America knew a little—just a very little—of what the facts above stated meant to our Army and its fathers and mothers and sisters at home.

"Thirty-five million?" said America. "Here, take fifty. You've earned it."

A man by the name of Pershing expressed his appreciation no less loudly, though in his own characteristic manner, by giving the Y. M. C. A. an extra weight of responsibility amounting to the transaction of twenty million dollars'

(*Continued on page 82*)

This Y. M. C. A. dugout, within shelling distance of the front line, is one of the merciful Red Triangle huts which serve free coffee to the walking wounded whose first desire is always for a drink of something hot

Dudley Hoyt

Miss Katharine W. Porter, the daughter of Mr. T. Wyman Porter, has found war work an absorbing interest this year and spends much of her time working at the Paul Jones House, a club for officers. During the early spring months Miss Porter was at Virginia Hot Springs

Ira L. Hill

Miss Elizabeth Sands, daughter of Mrs. Frederic P. Sands, is in the front ranks of the war workers and has given her services unsparingly at the Harvard Club Canteen, where she has been acting as waitress. Miss Sands divides her time between Newport and New York

Ira L. Hill

Miss Adelaide E. Sedgwick is the daughter of Mrs. Harry Sedgwick and a sister of Mrs. James Blackstone Taylor, junior. Miss Sedgwick went to London last summer to do war relief work, and is now in Paris working in a canteen; Mrs. Sedgwick also is in Paris, serving at the Officers' Club

THREE NEW YORK SOCIETY GIRLS WHO ARE WORKING FOR THE SOLDIERS AT HOME AND IN FRANCE

Charlotte Fairchild

Miss Virginia B. Loney was married, at the home of her cousin, Miss Mary B. Chamberlaine, to Ensign Robert H. Gamble, Flying Corps, U. S. N. R. The bride wore a soft gown of white satin and a tulle veil held by a cluster of orange blossoms. Ensign and Mrs. Gamble will spend the summer in Chevy Chase, Maryland, in order to be near Washington where Ensign Gamble has a Government appointment. He has received the Croix de Guerre from the French Government and expects to return to France when he has recovered from wounds received while at the front with the Ambulance Corps

Campbell

Miss Florence Gilbert, the daughter of Mrs. Cyril P. W. F. R. Dugmore, was married to Mr. Russell Evans Tucker, junior, O. R. C., in her mother's home, under a decoration of the American and British flags. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Betty W. Gilbert

Campbell

Miss Katherine Garrison Chapin, the daughter of Mrs. Lindley Hoffman Chapin, was married to Mr. Francis Beverly Biddle, son of Mrs. A. Sydney Biddle, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. The bride's gown was of satin and point-lace and her veil was a scarf of point-lace. Her sister, Miss Cornelia Chapin, was her maid of honour and wore a Watteau-like gown of pale violet with a long train lined with brilliant orange. She carried a quaint old-fashioned bouquet of orange marigolds and delphinium surrounded with a wide lace frill and tied with a bow and streamers of orange ribbon

Sarony

Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the daughter of Mrs. De Forest Grant, became the bride of Mr. John Drexel, junior, at her mother's home, on April 27. Her ivory satin gown was embroidered with pearls, and her tulle veil was held by a wreath of orange blossoms. The bride is the granddaughter of the late Dr. D. G. Brinton, who was very widely known in literary circles of Philadelphia. The groom is the son of Mr. John R. Drexel and a grandson of the late Anthony J. Drexel

FOUR CHARMING BRIDES WITH BUT A SINGLE WEDDING DAY, APRIL 27

A one-piece street costume of navy blue charmeuse is made on lines so simple that the busiest war worker can find no fault with them. A collar, belt, and buttons of navy blue duvetyn and a little embroidery in navy blue wool threads is its only leaning toward frivolity

For this gown of navy blue charmeuse the wrong side of the material as well as the right is used. The undertunic, the collar, and the cuffs show the shiny side of the material, while the overtunic is of the dull reverse side. Loops and cords hold the dress together at the back

FOUR MODELS FROM CANNELL

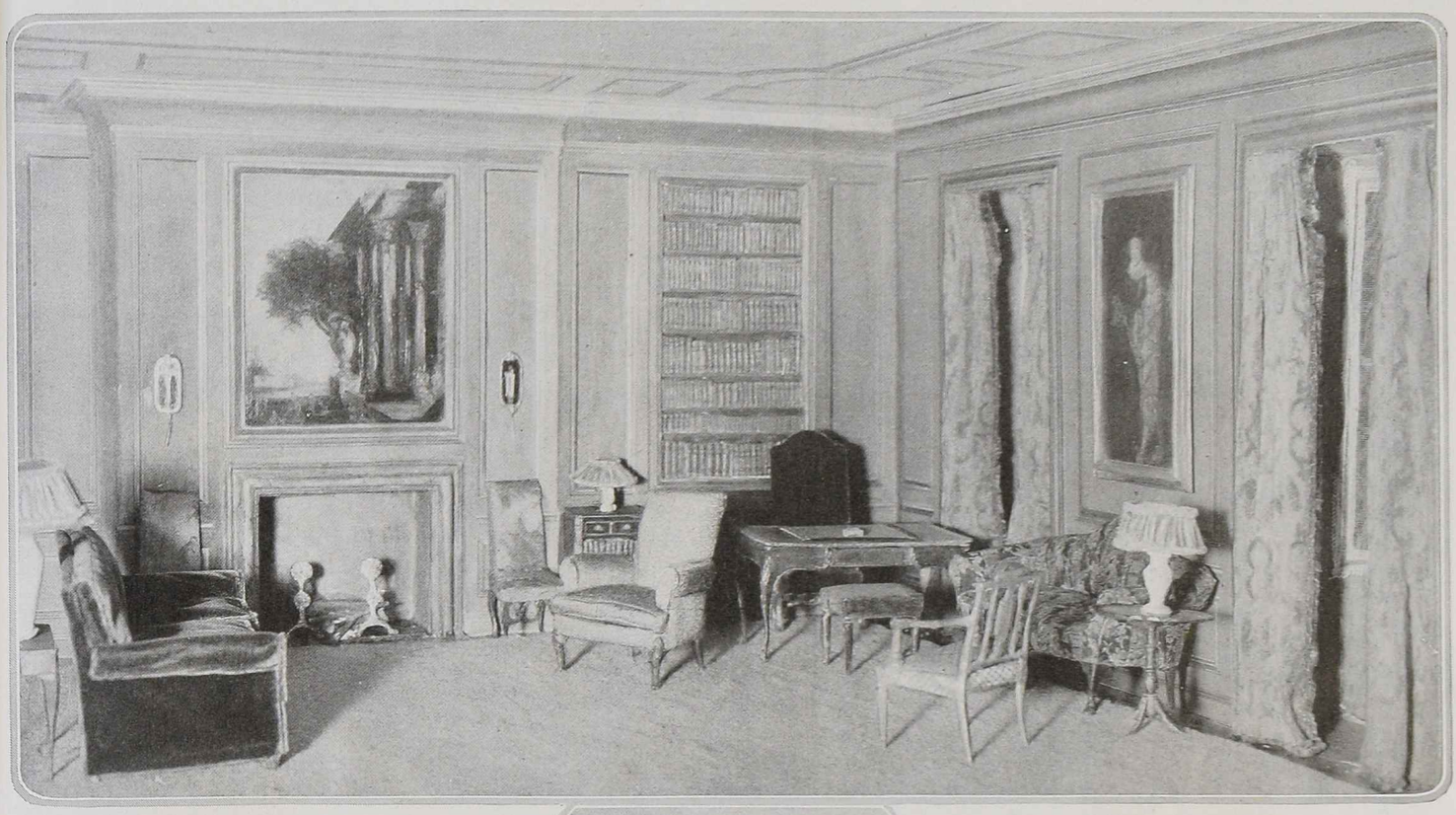
A combination as practical as a blouse and a dark skirt, but with all the smartness of a dress, is a black satin skirt with an overtunic lined with grey and a bodice of pale grey Georgette crêpe embroidered about the waist in grey

A gown of dark brown charmeuse, by means of a few unexpected quirks, like the slight swathe at the waist, the sloping tuck which forms a yoke line, and a skirt caught in at the hem, proclaims itself made by an artist, not an artisan; design by Mme. Hayward

Sufficient unto this dress is the black satin thereof, and the only incident in its dark career is a small white batiste vest embroidered in black silk. The satin falls in fine sweeping lines which form a soft loose drapery at the front

ENGLISH FASHIONS FROM SOMEWHERE IN LONDON FOR SUMMER DRESSES OF SILK AND SATIN

The PROOF *of the* DECORATOR *is his* MINIATURE ROOMS

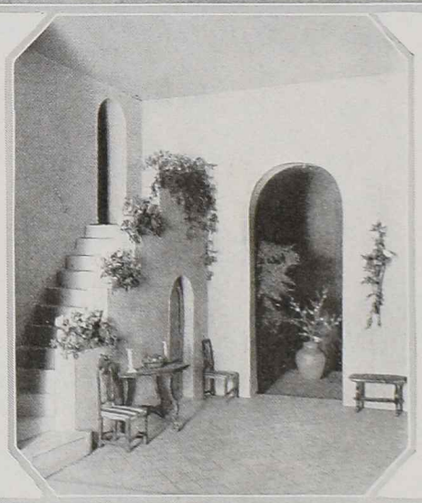


THESE rooms have apparently eaten some of those little Alice-in-Wonderland cakes and shrunk in all their perfection to a size suitable for exhibition in a decorator's studio. They are miniature models, about four feet long, from the decorating firm of Fakes, Bisbee, Inc.; and all the furnishings are in correct scale and made with a care for detail as effective as it is painstakingly perfect.

"Parva Sed Apta," like the house in "Peter Ibbetson," are these miniature models designed with meticulous perfection of detail, with furniture to scale

The living-room is panelled in walnut, and green and gold brocade curtains hang at the windows. One armchair is covered in gold coloured *bourré*, and the sofa is done in a mauve, green, and brick coloured chintz. From this mélange of colour a delightful mellowness of tone results.

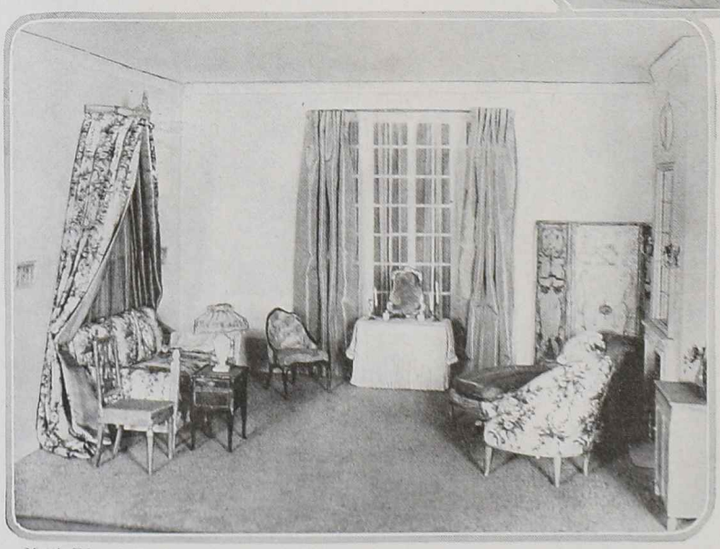
A French boudoir in the Louis XVI manner takes its inspiration from old French prints. A glow from its tiny fire, and the warm light of its yellow shaded lamp throw a glamour over the whole room.



An Italian loggia with stucco walls and a floor tiled in wide red bricks shows a decorative staircase, two feet high, gay with boxes of growing plants

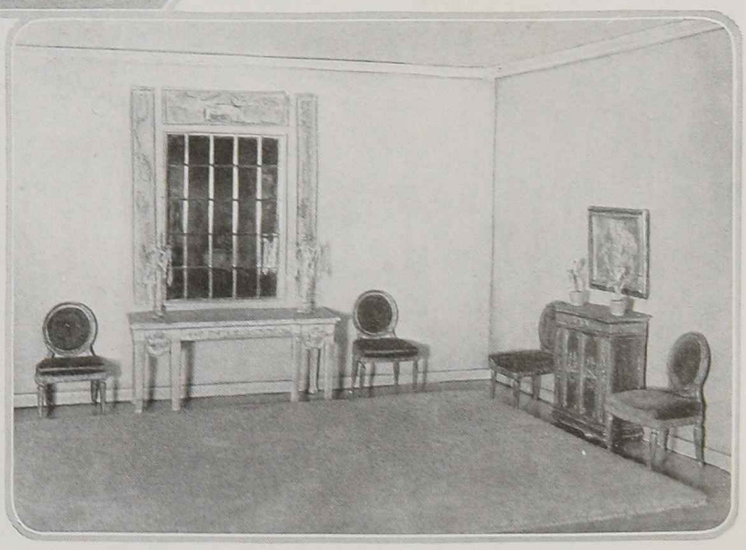
In the loggia a Spanish walnut console and a pair of Spanish benches stand against the stucco walls, and two red lacquer chairs add their gaiety to the charm of growing plants and the splash of a wall-fountain. The lighting effect, in this instance, is one of sunshine coming through the arched doorways, which open, apparently, on a "land where it is always afternoon."

The model for the dining-room reproduces an Italian dining-room of the eighteenth century, and its blue green walls, heavily antiqued, have the same spirit as the red velvet chairs and the red frames of the eighteenth century paintings. The painted Georgian console, in ivory and old-gold, has a yellow marble top, and the decorative panels around the mirror repeat the spirit and colour of the printed linen at the windows.



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Black and White Toile de Jouy on the furniture and blue tafeta curtains at the windows reproduce a charming French atmosphere in this grey-walled Louis XVI boudoir



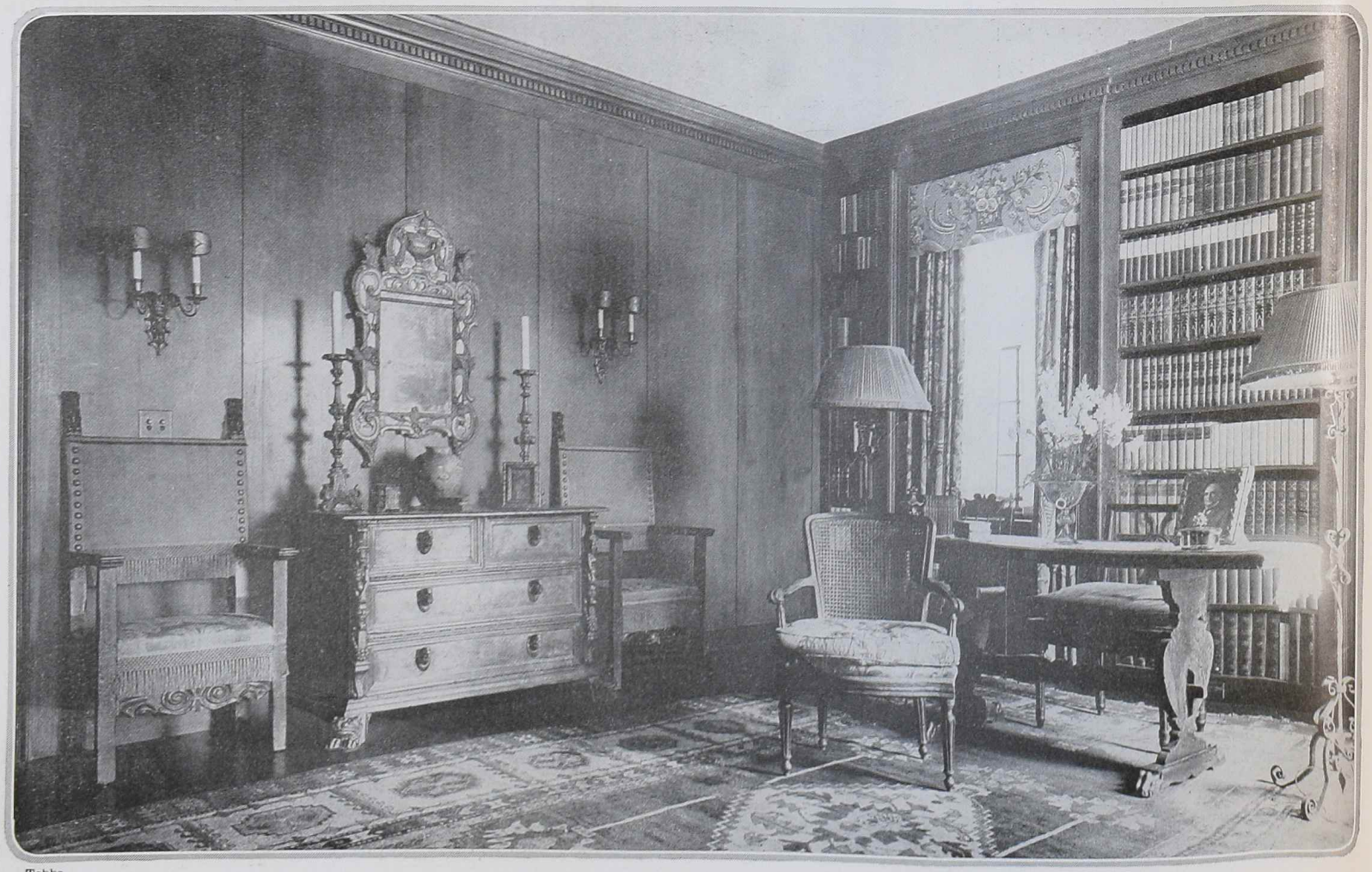
Small walnut chairs covered in red velvet, blue green walls, and a Georgian console with a yellow marble top contribute their various charms to an Italian dining-room

(*Above*) *A living-room which gives one a restful sense of spaciousness, numbers among its many virtues of omission the fact that it has dispensed with the usual large table. Warm grey walls and striped green and gold hangings in the same formal tone as the antique English and French furniture harmonize with the original Adam chimney-piece*

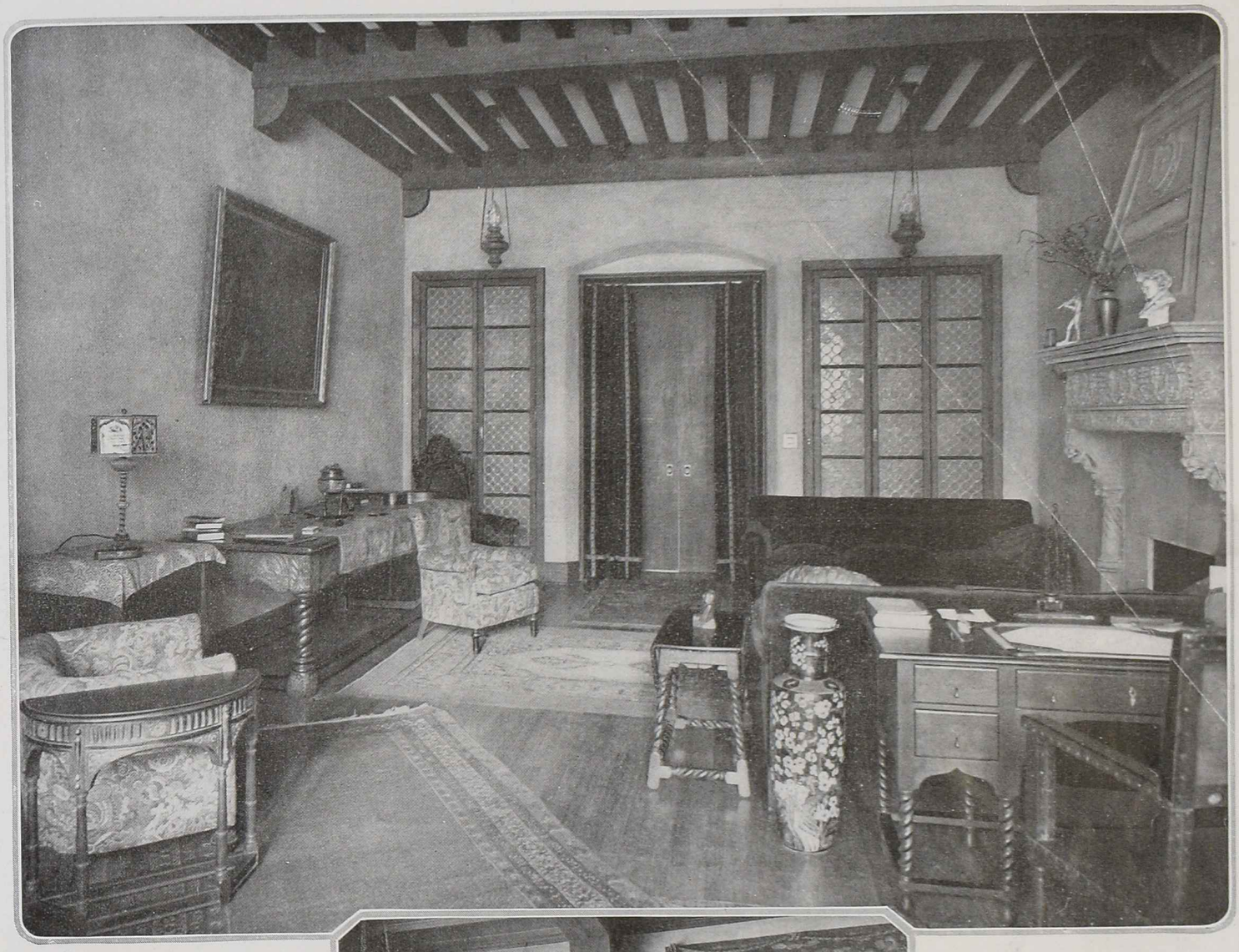
WILLIAM V. HESTER'S SUMMER HOME

AT GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND

(*Below*) *In this walnut-panelled library where the furniture is antique Italian of the seventeenth century, a Louis XVI chair contributes a frivolous note. Cretonne hangings are well framed in the brown walnut window casings, and the arrangement of the book-shelves is particularly happy. Howard Major designed and decorated this house*

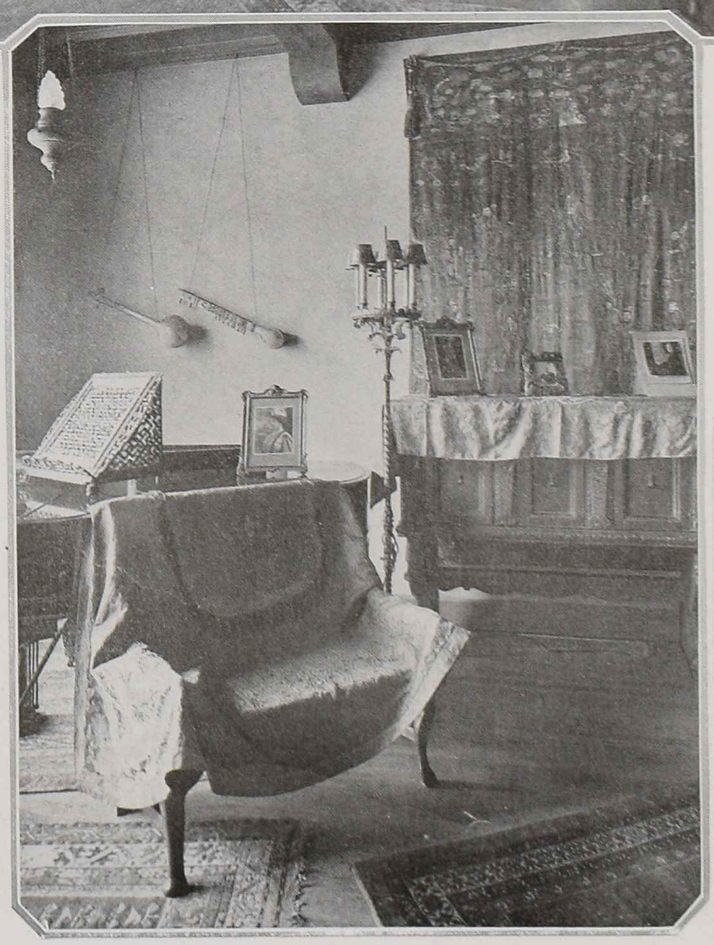


Tebbs



Gillies

We should have said it was the music room of M. and Mme. Efram Zimbalist, for it houses the rare combination of Alma Gluck, the singer, and Efram Zimbalist, the violinist. A large room, finished in simple Italian style



A large stone fireplace is on one side of the studio. Comfortable couches upholstered in blue velour flank it. The floor is dark and waxed, furnishing a good ground for the richly colored oriental rugs

At one end of the room are leaded windows which give abundant light for the two pianos. These windows correspond with a pair at the opposite end, as shown in the view above. The curtains are heavy, dark blue velour

THE MUSIC ROOM *of* ALMA GLUCK

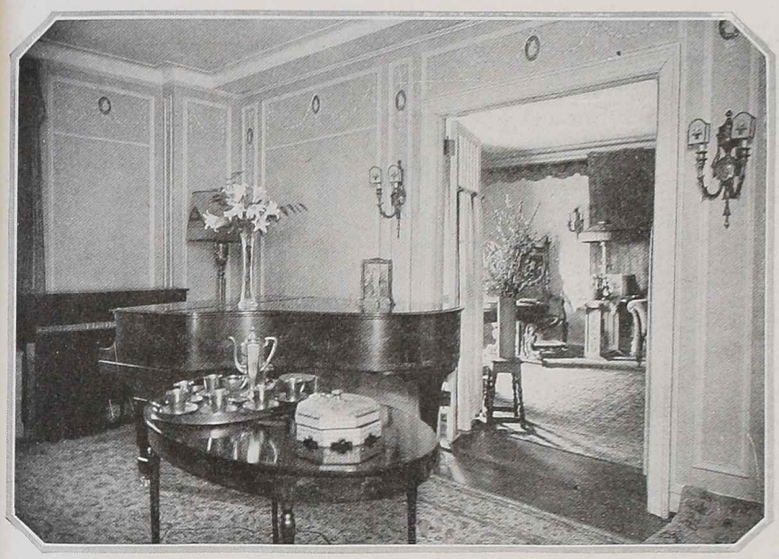
IN NEW YORK CITY

GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, *Architect*

Northend

A LITTLE PORTFOLIO *of* GOOD INTERIORS

A Georgian interior has been created in this living room by using walls of natural walnut with hangings of crimson damask. A soft all-over design rug carries the same crimson note. The mantel is marble, heavily molded; on it are rare Ming figures. Queene Anne stands and sofa in tapestry, an early English fire stool, an old Chippendale fire screen and an antique console and mirror complete this fireplace grouping



In the New York apartment of Clara Kimball Young is a music room that is distinctive for the restrained treatment of the wall. It is in the Adam manner with blue and white medallions and white swags used in the panels. John Hutaff, decorator

There are two very interesting suggestions to be gotten from this stair view: one is the dignity of the woodwork, especially the carved over-door panel; the other is the accentuation of perpendicular lines by the clock and the tapestry panel

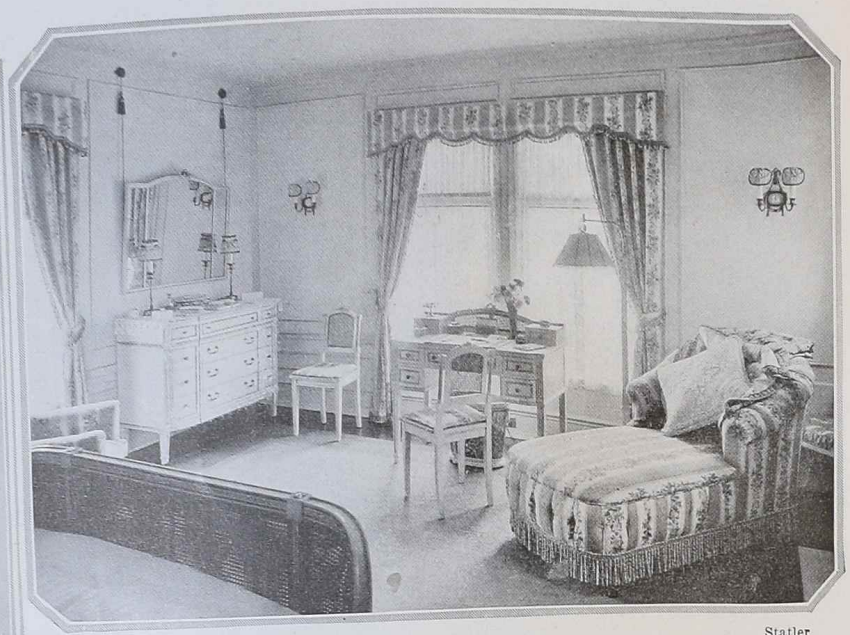
Northend

An interesting group in the living room of the Mund apartment, of which other views are to be found on pages 24 and 25, is composed of a tapestry before which has been placed a gate-leg table with its accompanying Queen Anne chairs in petit point. The walls are gray and gold finished a rich brown. Mirror sconces have been effectively used. The whole room is in a soft key. The decorator was Emil Feffercorn

Gillies

Northend

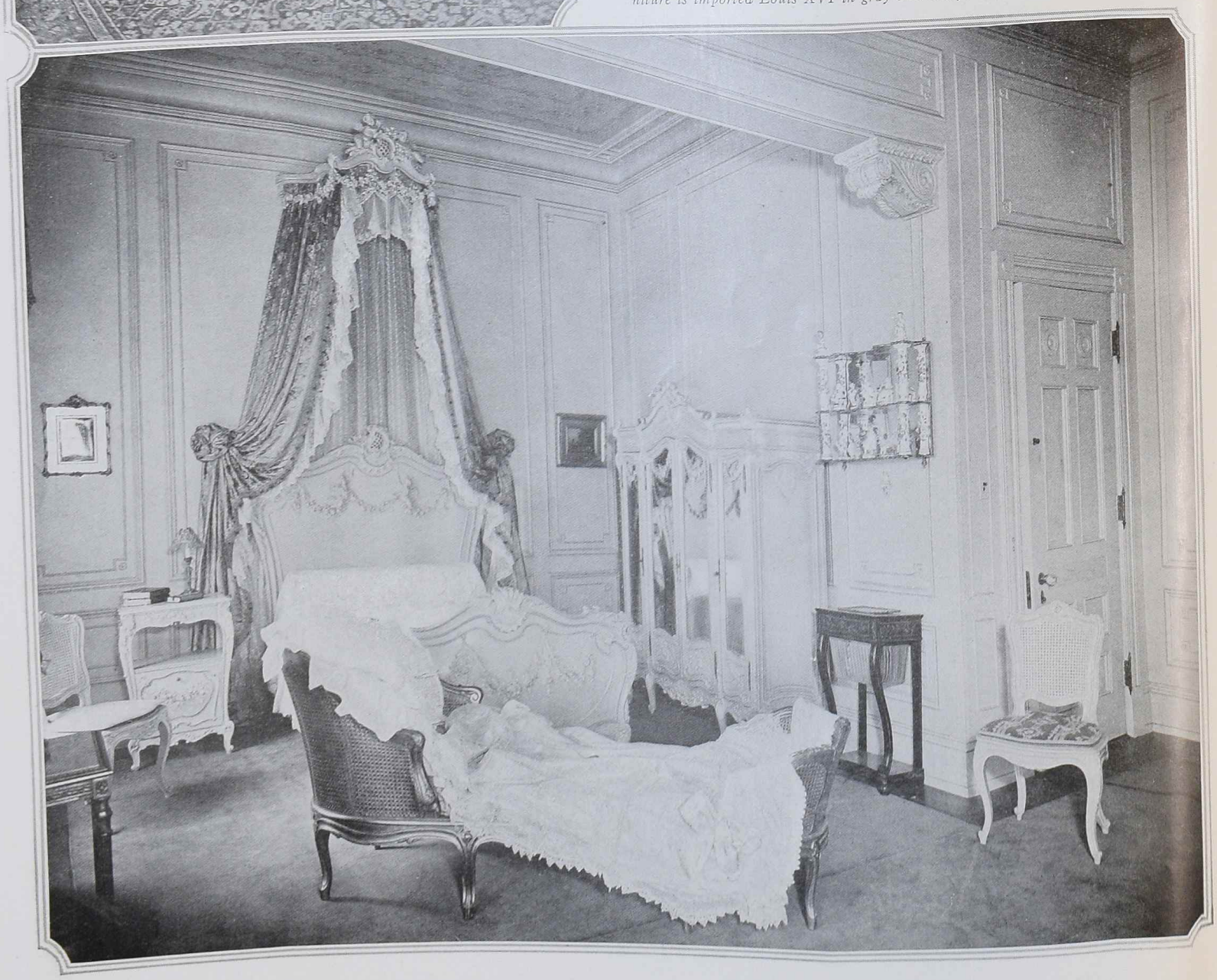
At first glance there seems to be little in these stairs. On second thought one becomes aware of the Spanish seat, the rope rail and wrought iron rosettes, the painted glass lantern and the Spanish chair. By such details is distinction given an interior



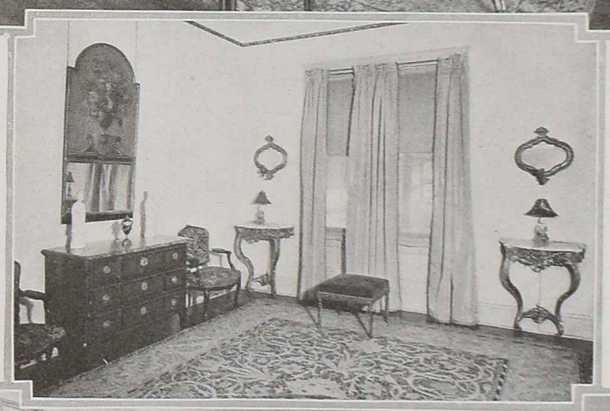
Statler

The points of contact in decoration are always their mating, for through them harmony is maintained. In this bedroom the same material is used for curtains and upholstery. Furniture is painted the tone of the fabric ground. J. A. Colby & Son, decorators

In the bedroom shown below, which is in the residence of Mrs. Charles J. Barnes, Chicago, Ill., the spirit of Louis XVI is readily seen. The paneled walls are finished in soft ivory, the moldings being tinted soft rose. At the windows the hangings are embroidered rose taffeta. The baldicino over the bed is of rose damask with a lace edging. The furniture is imported Louis XVI in gray and ivory. N. J. Sinclair, decorator



Distinction and comfort are found in the living room. The first is created by the selection of fine furniture pieces, the second by their grouping and arrangement. In this side of the room one sees a double use of consoles; one, a bombé commode with an old mirror over it, the other a gilt console with a Chinese painting above. The window curtains are a beautiful old French blue; cornice boards are in ivory and gold. Lace has been used for glass curtains on the doors



In the drawing room, a glimpse of which is shown to the right, there is an old commode surmounted by a mirror bearing a painting in its upper panel. On either side the window is a console in dull gold with a mirror in lacquer and dull gold above

ROOMS IN THE APARTMENT *of* JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON, *Esq.*

CHICAGO, ILL.

MISS GHEEN, *Decorator*

The fireplace grouping in the living room is created by furniture, some of which is in needlework of dull rose, blue, beige and black. The large chair is upholstered in blue brocatelle to match the curtains. Set in a panel over the mantel is an antique flower picture flanked by marble statuettes of the seasons. The lamp shades have a black ground with Grecian figures in gray and old ivory. The secretaire against the farther wall is old lacquer. The walls are cream colored and paneled with molding

Hugh Cecil

LADY SCOTT AND HER SON PETER

Lady Scott, who is the widow of th famous Arctic explorer, is already known as a talented sculptress. She was, before her marriage, Miss Kathleen Bruce, and pursued her artistic studies in Paris, whither she has just returned for two months' war work at the British Consulate. The nation watches with interest the development of her little son Peter, the notable child of such distinguished parents

OUR HOSTAGES *to* FORTUNE

This War is Waged to Make the World Safe for Childhood. Teach the Children Gently its High Purpose, That They May Play Their Part To-day, and Remember Hereafter: for the Child is Father to the Man

THE soul of the child is the garden of God: and none but a fiend would wish to implant in it the seeds of human iniquity. It is natural, therefore, that parents should wish, so far as they can, to spare their children's minds from war's horrors, as they would shield their bodies from its violence. But it is mawkish sentimentalism to carry this natural anxiety to the length of concealing from the younger generation the deep purpose of this struggle through which we are living.

FOR healthy children have no natural antipathy to war. Indeed, pacifism, like gastronomy, is thoroughly alien to their temperaments: a child that has no stomach for a fight or for a feast is an outlaw among his race. But the child is, in one respect, superior to some of its elders: its pugnacity is the expression of a purpose, and an objectless battle is a mystery which it does not contemplate. It requires a good purpose; given that, it is ready to fight the good fight with anything its own size.

THE glamour and romance of war has indeed always captivated the hearts of children. No doubt they learn their first lesson of idolatry from the glad-eyed nursemaids who push their perambulators, and they soon develop an instinctive hero-worship for the wearers of the king's uniform. And rightly, too: for though soldiers and sailors may not all be saints, they have answered the call, and they may at any time take their place in the noble army of martyrs. They go forth to smite the Dragon—on Sea and Land, in the height of the skies and in the depths of the waters,—and the children's instinct is sound in recognizing their direct descent from the Heroes and Fairy Princes of Nursery lore.

SO by all means let the babes beat their drums, and learn to salute and shoulder arms. It will inculcate no precocious blood lust. On the contrary, it will help them to realize the first elements of discipline. For war is not glamour nor romance: it is a tragedy, played before our eyes on the stage of the world, and, like all great tragedy, its grandeur is based on the depth of the principles it portrays. It is a testing-time of character, whose effects, for better or for worse, will react on the history of the world for generations to come.

THE immeasurable scale of this world-tragedy perplexes often enough the adult intellect: the children naturally cannot appreciate it so readily, and they must be helped gradually to decipher the outline of purpose which underlies and justifies it. It will be easiest to begin with practical illustrations; and each mother in the home and, still more, the teachers in the schools, should explain to the children their practical duty to the nation at war, and fire them with enthusiasm in the honourable observance of the restrictions that fall upon all, and in the performance of such positive duties as may be within their power.

WE cannot do without the children's army. For every man in the field, there are five children at home: they are a quarter of the nation now, and they will be the mainstay of the nation a decade or two hence. It serves the best interests not only of your children, but of all the children of the country, and of the country itself, that they should learn as early as possible the story of this struggle—sanctified by the cause of Liberty and by the heroism of those who gave for it

> The years to be
> Of work and joy and that unhoped serene
> That men call Age—

in order that they, too, may do what they can to help the columns marching on the hard road to victory.

OF all the countless crimes with which the sword of Germany is stained, the gravest indictment at the judgment-seat of humanity will be not the cynical invasion of Belgium, not the ravishment of Serbia, not the violations of the rules of civilized warfare against armed men, but the ruthless slaughter of those innocent child victims whose blood cries aloud to God for a restoration of the moral balance of the world. You, who have your children safe and sound, you, who can protect them from danger and disaster in these times, teach them gently to know and to remember the greatness of the issue for which those others have suffered.

A R T

By MARION E. FENTON

TO the art collector who has been wont to look past the artist of America and to pin his faith on the European painter, the exhibitions of the season which is just closing must have brought many a welcome surprise. We have been slow in this country, with its vast growing industrial interests, to recognize art as a necessary part of life rather than as a mere luxury for wealth and leisure hours. Large exhibition pictures have been duly admired on gallery walls, have become the prized possessions of museums and of a small number of collectors, have increased in value (like four in the Hearn sale) to sixteen times their original purchase price in twenty years, yet have not been taken into the hearts of the people. To any who have still held aloof and hesitated to give American art its due place in the modern art world, the war should be of at least one benefit: it should enable them to become more familiar with the work of our own painters, which has inevitably held first place in the majority of the winter exhibitions. That this art must become a vital part of every-day life and be reflected in even small furnishings and useful fittings is becoming an insistent note of demand originating with the artist, but echoed with persistence by the public, and showing its result in two very distinct lines. The first of these, a call for beauty in useful things, is being met by sculptors and artists of note who are giving time and thought to the designing of fittings for the home. The second is a movement for the painting of smaller canvases or "intimate paintings," as one of our galleries has called them,—paintings small enough in size and reasonable enough in price to be available for the average home. Often inconspicuous and even, perhaps, unnoticed beside large show canvases in a big exhibition, these small paintings are frequently gems from the artist's brush, and the purchaser of them may become, not only a patron of American art, but

(*Continued on page 85*)

De Witt C. Ward

Sensitiveness and restraint combined with a skill in the handling of brilliant colours such as few but the truly oriental understand, marked the work of Henri in his painting of "Fay Bainter as the 'Image' in 'The Willow Tree'"

Chappell Studios

(Left) "The Fool Finesse," by Frank B. A. Linton, was shown at the Ralston Galleries in early May

Durand-Ruel showed, among recent works by A. André, lately of the French Army, "Jardin à Endoume"

Charlotte Fairchild

BILLIE BURKE IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE"

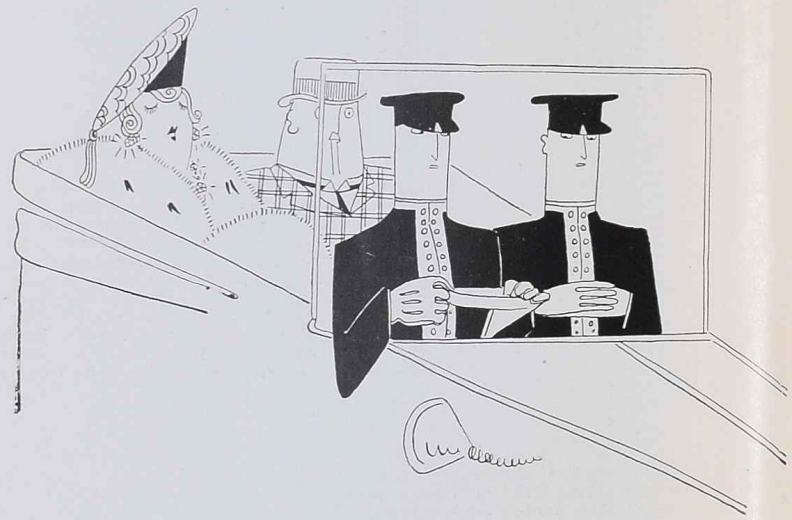
This stately lady in her wedding-gown of white brocade and orange blossoms, with all the sumptuous splendour of the days of Louis XV, is Billie Burke, as the Comtesse de Candale in "A Marriage of Convenience," by Alexandre Dumas père. This is the second production at Henry Miller's new theatre, and Henry Miller himself plays the Comte de Candale. The four costumes worn by Billie Burke in this rôle were executed by Schneider-Anderson and are quite the loveliest stage gowns this season has produced

The War and the Servant Problem

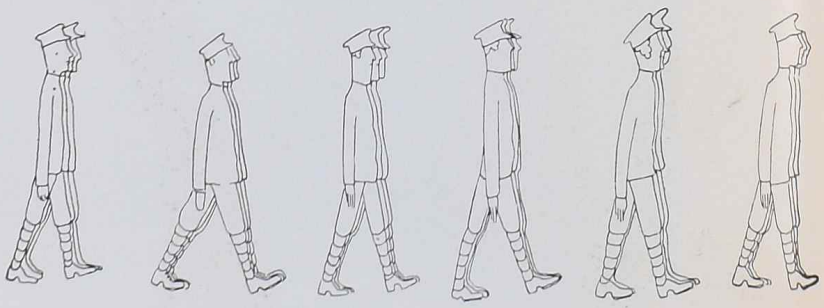
This Rush of Men to the Front Has Completely Shattered New York's Most Fashionable Homes

Sketches by FISH

In the good old ante-bellum days, scenes like this were every-day occurrences in the life of Mr. J. Wallingford Smith,—inventor and sole owner of Smith's Slenderizing Stays, They Lace on the Side. Mr. Smith simply could not call it a day unless at least five footmen and valets were involved in the complicated process of getting him dressed for the eyes of the world. All his puttings on and his takings off were supervised, directed, and personally attended to by these motherly creatures; the elaborate ceremony was rather like that of the popular French colored print entitled, "The Queen's Toilette." And then, just as everything was going nicely, we had to get mixed up in this war, and the draft came along and, oh, dear, look at the Smith mansion now



Portrait impression, from memory, of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallingford Smith, motoring in their third-best Rolls-Royce, just about two weeks before the Kaiser turned on the war. Note the attendant chauffeur and footman—Mr. and Mrs. Smith wouldn't dream of going out in anything, not even a Ford, unless it had at least two men on the box. But things aren't what they used to be. The chauffeur and footman left for the front about six months ago, leaving the Rolls-Royce flat



This scene, almost too terrible to look upon, is absolutely true—it's not one of those faked war pictures at all. It shows the hideous sufferings, the dreadful privations, that the war has brought upon some of us. It shows, in short, the bitter anguish of the J. Wallingford Smiths as they watch a battalion of their footmen, chauffeurs, butlers, valets, gardeners, coachmen, grooms, house detectives, and resident photographers departing for the embarkation camp. How silent and lonely the house will seem without the familiar presence of these brave youths! Mrs. Smith is simply overcome at the thought of the empty future

Conscription is the mother of invention—Mrs. Smith recently conceived the brilliant idea of engaging a mere stripling to pinch-hit for the drafted footman. Someone simply has to carry the family ermines around—you can't expect a lone lady to do it all by herself. Of course, the new footman is a trifle inept, but there's one consoling thing about him—they can't draft him for twelve years, anyway. The accompanying picture graphically portrays the new footman in action—playing the part of a human coat-room while Mrs. S. drops in at the Ritz, at teatime. The waiter has really been all worked up over the size of Mrs. Smith's food order—you can see only the very, very last of it. He is thinking seriously of getting Mr. Hoover on the long distance and having something very radical done about her

Fate seems to be against the unhappy Smiths—it's not even on speaking terms with them. Even that good idea of Mrs. Smith's about engaging a child footman didn't work out. The boy wonder was really too immature—he couldn't overhear even the simplest stories without blushing—so Mrs. Smith had to resort to a mere maid to accompany her around our city. But, judging from the maid's expression, it doesn't look as if she thought much of her job; there aren't enough men around to make it really worth her while. All the regular ones are in uniform—the ones that are out of khaki are out of the question

And here is the ultimate straw. Even the maid has gone and done it—she enlisted in the Woman's National League for Unnecessary Service. The uniform is so much more becoming than those trying maid's costumes. She is pictured with her Young Man, lately invalided home from the front. The Smiths' grief and desolation can not be shown; there are some bereavements, among the very rich, which are too deep and terrible to be gazed on by the mere subscribers to Vogue

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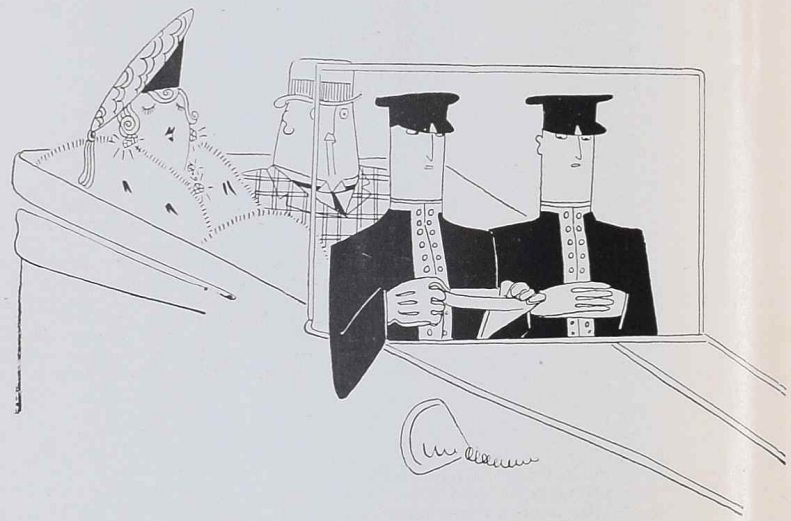

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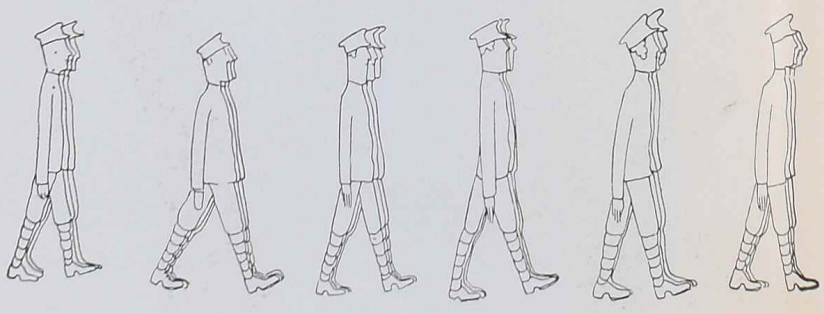

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MAURICE GOLDBERG

MARY PICKFORD—STAR AND PATRIOT

A New Portrait Made for Vogue During Her Recent Liberty Loan Campaign in New York

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

ARTCRAFT

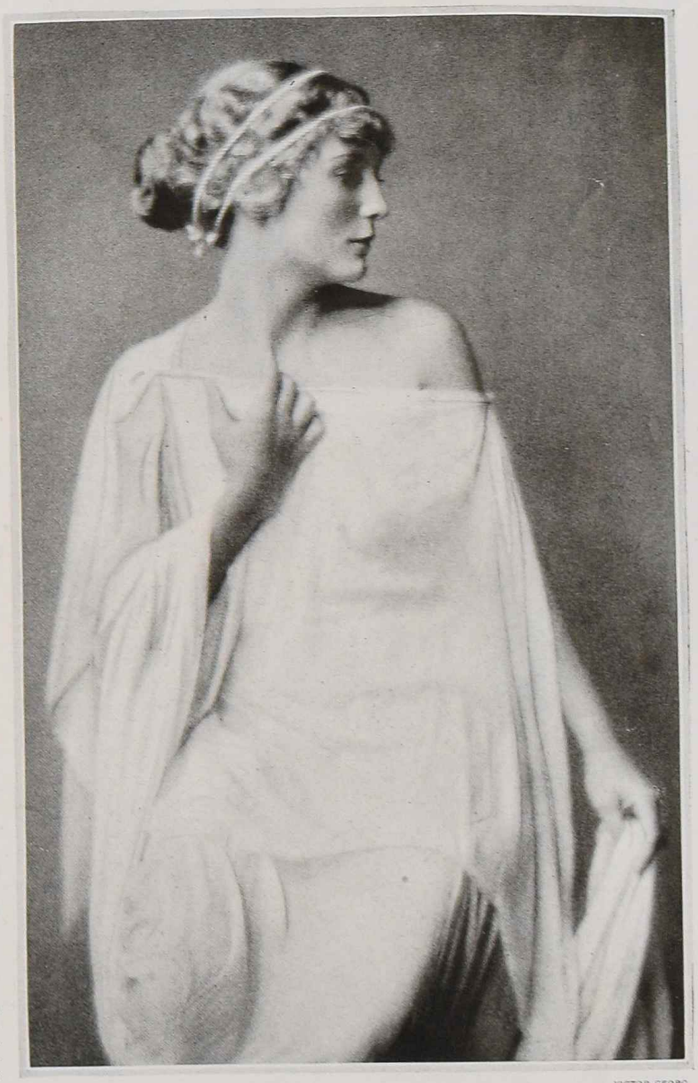
Elsie Ferguson is here shown as Nora, in a film version of "A Doll's House", by Henrik Ibsen. Miss Ferguson is at present in Montana working on a screen drama entitled "The Heart of the Wilds", a picture version of "Pierre of the Plains", a play in which she appeared not long ago on the legitimate stage

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Alice Joyce began life as a telephone operator, then became artist's model, and finally graduated into a star in the world of moving pictures. She has played in film versions of no less than four of Robert W. Chambers' novels

Billie Burke is about to desert the movies —if only for the summer. After completing a screen version of Sardou's famous play "Divorçons", she has joined the Henry Miller dramatic forces at the new Henry Miller Theatre, one of the most charming theatres in America

Betty Lee is a new star in the movie world, who has just completed, for the Victory Film Company, a Greek mythological motion picture entitled "The Triumph of Venus", in which play she assumes—with becoming grace and modesty—the part of Venus



VICTOR GEORG

POPULAR HEROINES OF THE SCREEN

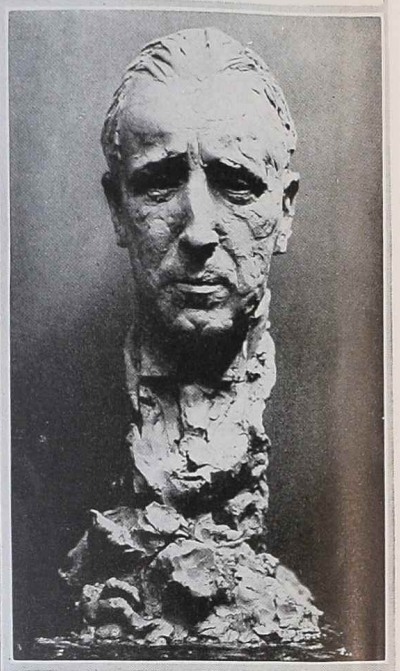
Greek, Scandinavian, French—on the Film—but All of Them Americans

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:

© HARRIS & EWING

JULIUS KAHN

Because, although born in the Grand Duchy of Baden, a marvelous precocity at the age of five prompted him to remove his residence, exchange his citizenship and dedicate his loyalty to these United States; because he is one of the leading members of the California bar; because he has represented his fellow citizens in Congress for seven terms; but chiefly because his energy and patriotism are largely responsible for the creation and passage of the laws which gave us our National Army



PAUL DOUGHERTY

Because he began life as a lawyer; because he then shifted to chemistry, and finally shifted to painting; because, as a painter he has traveled and studied, and won medals and renown in five countries of Europe; because his extraordinary successes in water color and oils have not prevented his succeeding in etching and lithography; because this bust of him is a one-day sketch by his friend, Jo Davidson; and, finally, because he has for six months been working miracles in sculpture

D. W. GRIFFITH

Because he was for many years an excellent actor and a leading man on Broadway; because he went into moving pictures as an actor and emerged from them as a producer; because the greater the magnitude of the task ahead of him the more the prospect pleases him; because he invented the high-priced movies; because he has employed upwards of 5,000 people in a single scene; because he is an excellent musician and wrote the orchestral music for "Hearts of the World," the most sensational moving picture of recent years

"ARCHIE" ROOSEVELT

Because he is the likable son of a likable father; because he has made almost as many trips to the wilds as his distinguished parent; because he navigated the "Mayflower" on her cruises; because no more modest boy ever lived; because he went to Plattsburgh; and, finally, because he has been awarded the *Croix de Guerre* with one star, for gallantry in action on the American front near Toul

FRANCESCO GUARDABASSI

Because he was for two years a popular singer at the Metropolitan Opera House; because he became one of the most sought-after portrait painters in Paris; because, when war broke out in Italy, he went to the front as a common soldier; because he is now a Captain in the Italian army, and the head of an extremely important mission from Italy to America

© WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

It would be a poor policy that devoted every effort to the making of munitions and neglected the future citizens of France. While mamma fills shells at the Anaide Laval her baby remains in a sunlit crêche under the supervision of trained nurses and experienced medical men, and no millionaire's child could be more scientifically or carefully tended

A WORKSHOP THAT IS A BEEHIVE

At The Munitions Factory of M. Andre Citroen of Paris The Perfection of its Organization Proves That The Ways of The Bee and The Ant Have Been Considered to Some Purpose

IN these days of strenuous common activities few persons can boast of living or dying to themselves, and even eating to oneself is becoming an increasingly difficult problem. We seem, with each day that passes, to approach more nearly to the sort of communistic state foreshadowed in the Utopian speculations of social dreamers, from Plato and More down to H. G. Wells and Sidney Webb. The beehive and the ant-hill have come into fashion, and, judging by results, we seem to have considered the ways of the ant to some purpose, at least so far as such things as the organization of working and eating are concerned. That is the case in France, now as ever the home of new ideas, and not only ideas, for no one is so thorough and so practical when it comes to carrying out a theory as your Frenchman or woman. You can almost picture the head of a great munitions factory, struck with the efficiency of a bee-community, saying to himself:

"What is a huge workshop but a bee-hive? Mine is a beehive, and I will give the bees a lesson in what can be done in the way of organization and comfort."

THE BEEHIVE

That, or something very like it, must have happened in the establishment of M. Andre Citroen, of 143 Quai de Javel, in Paris. Messrs. Andre and Hugh Citroen employ nearly nine thousand workers in their munitions factory—and not a drone amongst them. That is the first improvement on the hive. There is no room for drones in a modern workshop. Honey, too, is out of date. If you visit this war-hive, you will see the worker-bees engaged in turning out an incredible quantity of shells. Efficiency is the *mot d'ordre*, and that, as the presiding genius realizes, is best attained by promoting the health and comfort of

What is a huge workshop but a beehive? At the munitions factory of M. Andre Citroen nearly nine thousand men and women are employed—and not a drone among them. If you visit this war-hive you will find the worker-bee engaged in turning out an incredibly large number of shells

the employees. So the buildings are light and airy, and all the newest labour-saving devices are provided. To walk twenty yards where one step might do the business is a waste of energy, so there is no unnecessary walking, standing, stretching or lifting. The workers are provided with ample and comfortably, not to say luxuriously, fitted dressing rooms. Accidents will happen, and teeth give trouble even in the best managed of human hives: there is an admirably appointed dental clinic as well as a model infirmary staffed by a doctor and nine nurses. Lucky patients, you say, to be attended by these charming visions in white linen, and so Jean-Marie seems to think. Observe his cheerful expression while the Red Cross *infirmière* bandages his injured hand. Something else that cannot be eliminated from the scheme of things is the infant population. Babies there are, and babies there will be, and some one must tend them while mamma fills shells or guides an electric trolley. It would be a poor policy that devoted every effort to the destruction of the enemy and neglected the future citizens of France.

That is where the beehive idea comes in again. There is at the Anaide Laval a crèche flooded with sunlight where the worker-bee can leave her baby. Trained women acting under the direction of experienced medical men preside over these spotlessly clean blue and white nurseries with their rows of neat cots, each tenanted by a plump and contented baby. The cots are plainly numbered and so are their occupants: modern efficiency does not rely upon a brand new tooth, brown eyes, curly hair, or an unusually seductive smile as the sole means of identification. In the nurseries the children are fed, weighed, and put to sleep, but there is a specially fitted room consecrated to the mysteries of the bath and toilet, such a room as might fill with envy the most ambitious of latter-day mothers. No millionaire's child could be more scientifically or carefully tended.

The presiding genius of this factory, realizing that efficiency is attained by promoting the health of the workers, provides the newest labour-saving devices, and guiding an electric trolley is not so strenuous a task as it might be

Even in the best managed of hives accidents will happen, and at the Anaide Laval is an admirably appointed dental clinic as well as a model infirmary staffed by a doctor and nine nurses

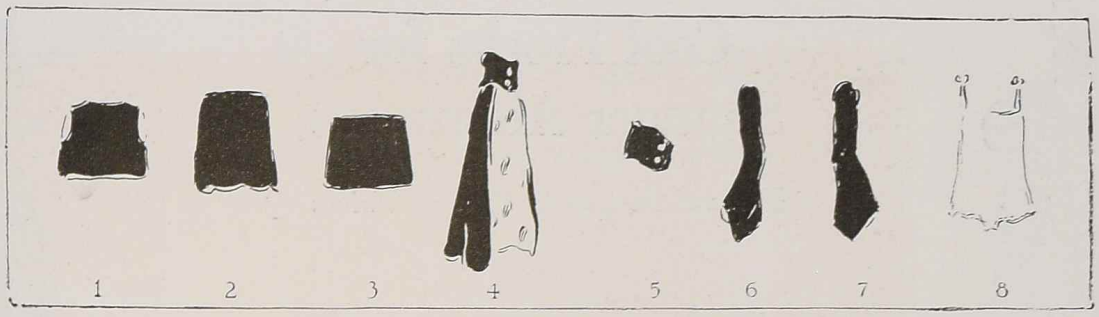
For the benefit of those workers who do not live sufficiently near to their homes to return for the midday meal a canteen restaurant has been organized where two thousand seven hundred persons sit down every day. The long dinner hour—it is an hour and a half in France—enables many members of families and friends buried in different parts of the great works to meet over a comfortable meal

HOW THEY DINE

Many of the munition makers live sufficiently near the factory to be able to return to their homes for the midday meal, but for the benefit of the others a canteen restaurant has been organized. In this restaurant a dinner party of 2,700 persons sits down every day. In the beginning, before experiment had hardened into custom, the idea of so many men and women dining together was looked upon askance—the French equivalent of Mrs. Grundy pronounced it hardly *comme il faut*. People, especially the younger and more frivolous, might come to eat and remain to flirt. Scandal would result. Fortunately none of these dreadful things happened. The long dinner hour—it is an hour and a half in France—is employed in eating, not in an exchange of sentimentalities, though it does enable members of families and friends buried in different parts of the great works to meet and enjoy one another's society over a comfortable meal.

Quick service is made possible by the fact that kitchen and restaurant are all in the same building. The kitchen, with its larder, still room,

(*Continued on page 87*)



THE EIGHT-PIECE WAR DRESS

(1) The sleeveless bodice, or slip-over blouse—to be worn with or without sleeves, which snap into the armholes; (2) tunic, or top-story of the skirt; this buttons on No. 1; (3) ground floor of the skirt; this buttons on No. 2, the upper floor of the skirt; (4) military cape, with high collar; brilliantly lined. For the opera, wear it inside out; (5) army cap, with a slight note of aviation in it; (6) right sleeve of dress; (7) left sleeve of dress; (8) the . . . but no, we can't go further· it's a word which is never spoken in the refined pages of Vanity Fair

Here we see Miss Muriel de Puyster, of 805 Fifth Avenue, New York, starting out in the afternoon for a few hours of pleasure—and war work. She is wearing her eight-piece garment, all of the pieces properly adjusted. We see her sauntering down Fifth Avenue, conscious of looking well and conscious, too, of looking patriotic

Miss de Puyster stops in at the Paul Jones Club, on Fifty-seventh Street, to dance with the officers and military men there assembled. She has, very cleverly, left No. 1 (her bodice) and No. 5 (her hat), in the coat room. With an equal degree of imagination, she has hooked No. 6 on the back of her dress and made a scarf of it

It being a very hot day in May, Miss de Puyster motors down to Long Beach for a cooling swim. Note, please, that No. 3, the ground floor of the skirt, has been unbuttoned and removed. All that now remains of the eight-piece dress are the sections numbered 2 and 8

Here we see Miss de Puyster at a rather formal little *thé dansant*, at the Biltmore. Note that all she had to do was to remove numbers 4, 6 and 7, the cape and the two sleeves. The dress has, consequently, become a good deal less conventional, rigid, and formal

And now we approach the end of a perfect day. Miss de Puyster—we mention this in the strictest confidence—is about to retire. No. 8 is all that is left of her original eight-piece war dress. A sense of modesty should forbid our going into the matter any further

This little picture shows Miss de Puyster in the act of removing No. 8. But we must pause here and desist, else Vanity Fair will never get by the National Board of Censors

Sketches by Ethel Plummer

The New Eight-Piece War Dress

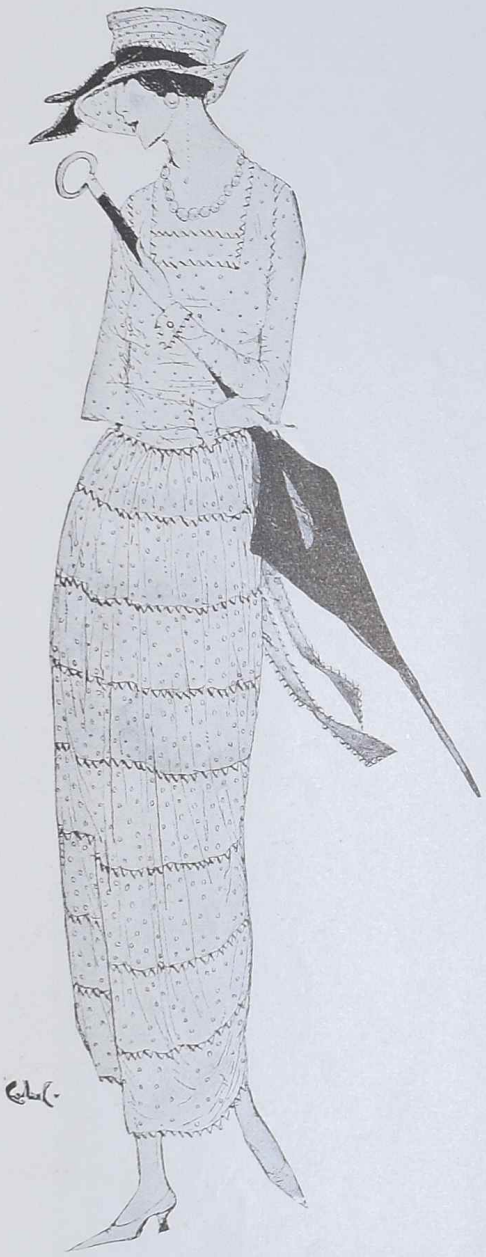
Economy and Patriotism Demand a Nation-wide Adoption of it

WE notice that a number of dressmakers and department stores are announcing the creation, manufacture, and sale, of various types of war dresses which are both economical and patriotic. These dresses, it seems, all come in sections—like jig-saw picture puzzles. It seems to be considered bad taste for a woman to change her dress in the middle of the day, as long as the war is on. If you start out with a dress in the morning, a sense of patriotism ought to make you come back in it at night. The old custom of putting on a different dress for every conceivable social occasion is now severely frowned upon. Well, just to meet the demand, Vanity Fair has designed a war dress of its own,—simple, neat, serviceable, moderate in price, pro-American. Any woman can make one from the key patterns shown at the top of this page. There is no copyright on the dress, so that all patriotic ladies can go as far as they like with it—even to the bathing beach. A clever woman can start out with this dress on a two-weeks' honeymoon, or a cross country Red Cross campaign, and, with a toothbrush concealed somewhere on her person, return home in the same dress without once having broken any of the rules of etiquette.

Cool Frocks for Summer Afternoons

Unusual Designs in Unusual Values

Beads—ever and ever so many of them—make the hand-embroidered squares that trim the front and back panels of this graceful frock, and the fringe that edges its side panels. The frock is of dark blue marquisette over tan color satin



This grey dotted Swiss frock was perfectly plain, from the top of its fitted bodice to the bottom of its straight skirt, until yards and yards of rickrack braid trimmed its blouse and turned its skirt into a series of make-believe ruffles; The hat of the Swiss and rickrack braid, to match, is trimmed with picot-edged linen

Black Chantilly lace has come back to lend us the charm that it has lent to other women of other days. Here it is draped into a skirt of soft becoming lines and combined, in the bodice, with wide black velvet. The girdle, too, is of the velvet

It's of crisp lavender organdie with an underslip of crisp lavender taffeta and with quaint taffeta pleatings making an unusual edging for its interesting lines. The girdle is of old-blue grosgrain ribbon tied in a bow at the back and caught with hand-made silk flowers

This hand-made frock is of batiste (a material that has almost surpassed its aristocratic silken sisters in social prominence) with a sash and hand-hemstitched bands of dull blue organdie; The large black hat has a liséré crown, lace brim, and upstanding band of taffeta

For In Town and Out

Bright Spots for the Summer Wardrobe

In this era of sleeveless sweaters, the sleeveless habit has jumped the fence of the polo field and gone cross-country riding. Tan English twill is used for the jacket; white moleskin for the breeches and brown straw for the hat. (Nardi)

Sheer black and white muslin, narrow black net frillings and jade green silk all go to make this one of the coolest and most refreshing Summer frocks. (This frock and the one at the left from Hickson)

This beige and brown taffeta cape has jade green rings and a brown ribbon to keep it correctly adjusted over the beige wool jersey bathing suit. The crowning touch is well supplied by a farmer's rough natural color straw hat. (From The Sport Shop for Women)

The pigeon's egg blue sash of this navy blue canton crêpe frock ties in the front and the filet collar forms a deep V—otherwise this might be the front view of this simple and cleverly draped frock

For cool days in town this panel-like cape and frock of beige tricotine and black satin are very smart. The hat with its cavalier feather is also of beige. (Stein & Blaine)

The Younger Generation

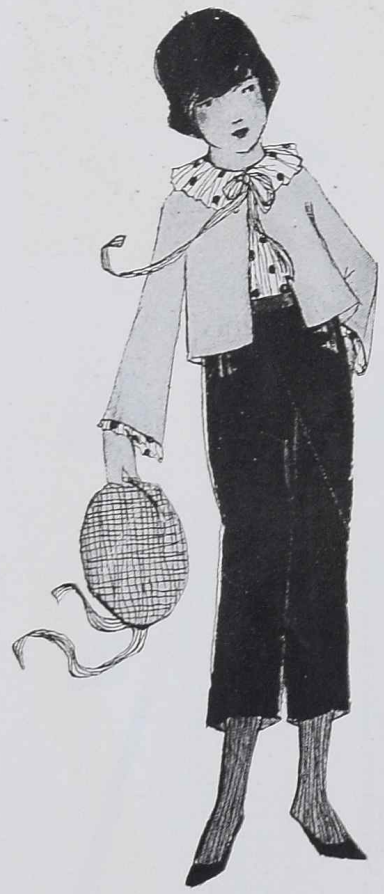
Hugh Cecil

It would be easy—but of course very naughty—for a little girl in a chintz apron gay with birds and green piping, to camouflage herself among the flower-beds during one of those raids of grown-ups to which unfortified children are exposed; from Elizabeth, London

(Below) A surprising amount of daintiness lurks in the comparatively small space between the little square neck and the delicately embroidered hem of this summer frock of soft cream net. It hangs in loose smock style and has two unmistakably French accents—a black velvet bow run through loops at either side; Grande Maison de Blanc

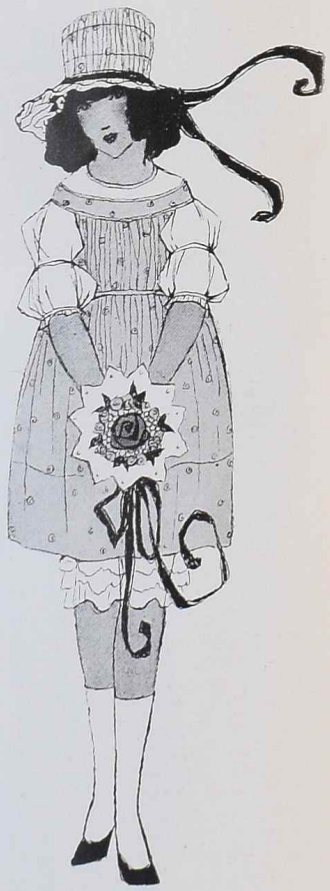
Hugh Cecil

She's not an illustration from a Kate Greenaway book, (though she's every bit as charming)—she's a real little girl in a white ninon frock a-bloom with grey and pink posies, tied with a grey satin sash, and topped with a white net frill; from Elizabeth, London



Who would have expected those standbys of the past—blue and white percale, white flannel, and blue flannel, to appear in anything as indisputably up-to-date as this party suit for small boys? This suit and frock opposite from Miss Rice

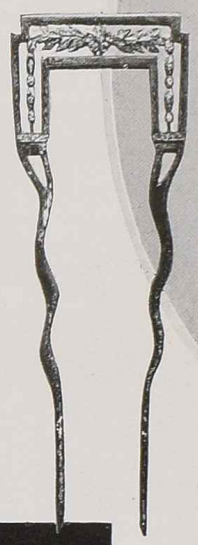
Baron de Meyer



A costume that states its intentions of going to a party from the tip-top of its silk poke bonnet to the last net ruffle of its organdie pantalettes, is of pale grey silk dotted with tiny pink roses, with double puff sleeves and a yoke of white net

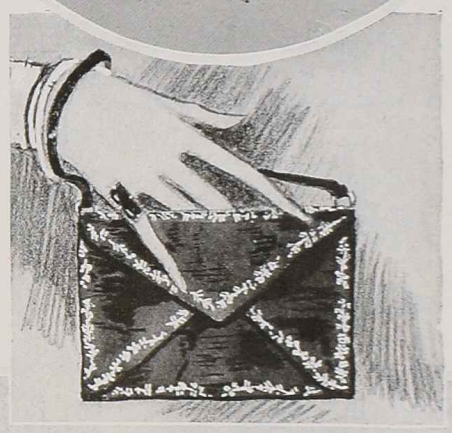
High Lights of Wartime Simplicity

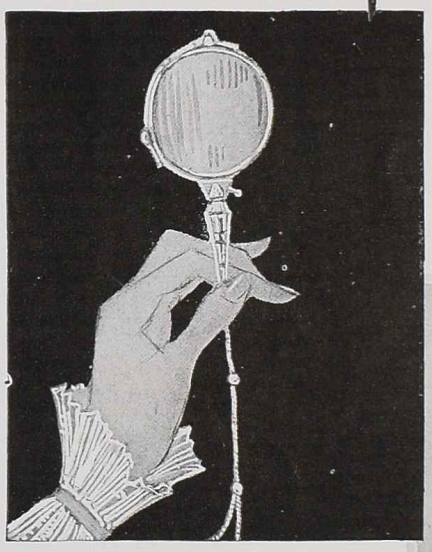
The Perfect Accessory Is the Keynote of the Perfect Costume



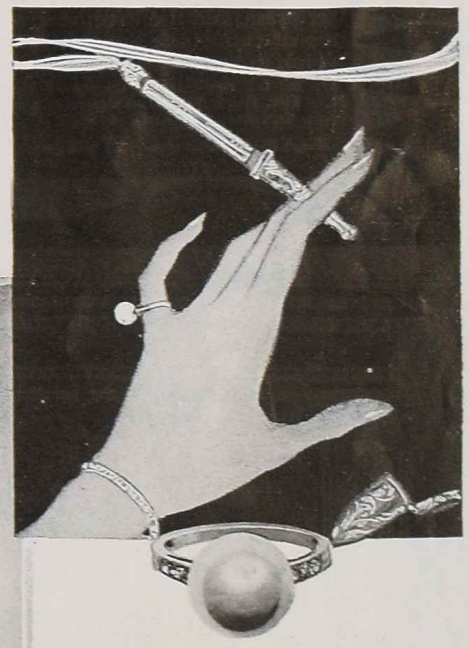
The success of the smart coiffure at the right is its ability to be utterly dependent on the rhinestone pin for all visible means of support. The pin is of sterling silver and in an open work design—as all effective pins ought to be. It is almost two inches wide at the top.

A woman's rings are an index to her personality, and if she would be smart as well as clever, let her wear a single ring on each small finger—a pearl on one as sketched below, and an onyx on the other, as sketched at the left. This ring is of chased white gold and the onyx is beautifully faceted.

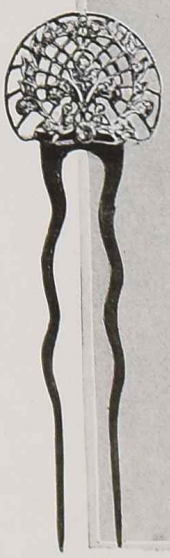




No longer must one wait to be a dowager to possess the most formidable weapon known to woman—the lorgnette. The one shown here is of the folding type. The sterling silver mounting and handle are quite fine and developed in a simple filigree design of very excellent taste.



That she who likes a cigarette holder may always have it is the reason for the shell-shaped affair in the sketch above. The holder, amber mouthpiece and all collapses and fits into the case which may be worn on a chain. Both are of sterling silver and delicately chased.



To fit all moods of the wearer and all angles of the coiffure this rhinestone and silver pin has a tiny hinge in the top as well as an interesting design. It is nearly one and three-quarter inches wide

IN these days of wartime simplicity in clothes, the details are really the important thing about a costume. If a gown be well cut, the smartest of effects may be obtained by means of just the right accessories. It is sometimes possible to use an imitation stone, but the setting must be beautifully wrought to give the effect of great fineness, and the stone good in color—although none of the accessories shown here are exorbitant in price they are all really smart, and will prove a genuine acquisition to the toilet.

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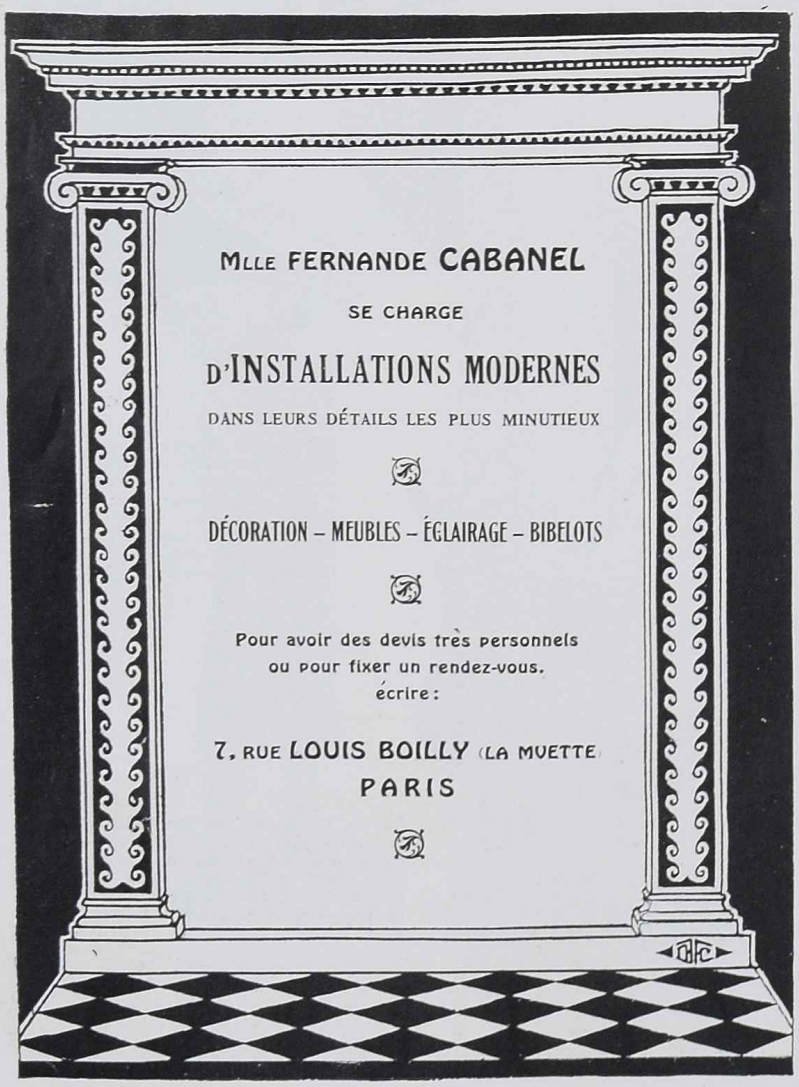

TROUSERS AND PETTICOATS

THE first skirt was a shawl, and its wearer was a man. He laid the garment on the floor and arranged it in folds, then lay down and rolled himself into it. It is sad to think of all the valuable time these gallants wasted in the mere adornment of their persons. The Highlander is more fortunate, because the folds of his skirt are already laid, and he does not have to lie down and roll himself into them. On the contrary, he stands up, very tall and straight, as beseems the wearer of the most irresistible costume ever devised for his sex. Despite those inches of petticoat, he is every inch a man. A Highlander in costume is the only male creature who can be a fop without being effeminate.

WHEN WOMAN DONS BREECHES

It is just the eternal contrariety of things. Fair Rosalind became even more bewitching in breeches than she had been in skirts, and when she went into the forest of Arden clad in the habiliments of a man, she promptly entered upon her woman's kingdom—or upon what used to be a woman's kingdom; for the borders of that domain have been considerably enlarged of late, and a man's heart by no means limits it. Moll Cutpurse had to put on trousers in order to ply successfully man's own game of robbing his neighbour, and thus equipped for the part, she played it most manfully. But the more usual way of woman, when she wants to get money, is to put on the most becoming gown she possesses and thus present herself before the man whose pockets she would empty. Which of these two methods is the more reprehensible, let our moralists decide. Mary Frith was another shocking lady who dressed like a man; also, she smoked. If all the feminine smokers of to-day should take to masculine attire, our streets would show as many ladies in breeches as men in khaki.

At present, however, the ladies in breeches have turned their wishes into horses, and ride. But by no chance would they be taken for beggars; they wear rather longer coats than do the men, and the more feminine the woman, the more adorable does she look. That's the way with breeches and skirts. When worn contrariwise, they invariably either reveal or betray. College boys, when they take feminine parts in plays, are either absurdly girlish or absurdly masculine; this was as true of the beardless Elizabethan youths who played Shakespeare as of the equally beardless Princeton youths who play Triangle plays.

THE PARADOXICAL TROUSERS

Perhaps it is because she realizes the charming betrayal of her feminine quality that woman is finding so many excuses, nowadays, for taking to trousers. When she steps into the niches left vacant by the boys who are marching away, she also slips into their overalls, quite aware of their roguish effect; and her garden toggery—trousered, bloomered, or breeched—is ravishing beyond words. Just as she can no longer ride in a skirt, she can no longer swim in one. In fact, she must swim in the most convenient costume possible, which is, of course, a man's. But the most significant sign of the times in this regard is given by woman when she sleeps, for her soul, slipping away to the realm of dreams, leaves a body clad in pyjamas. This departure is the more significant because it is not for the world's eye—it is, apparently, just for the wearer's own edification. But man may take comfort in the fact that, since the spirit is absent during this change, it probably has but a superficial significance.

Yet the influence of trousers on their feminine wearers is really the reverse of what men imagine; the most progressive of Western women are far behind their Oriental sisters in this regard. It is said that some Turkish lady first fastened her skirt between her ankles for convenience in walking, but the historian of woman is, as usual, in error. The lady of the harem thus originated bloomers because she feared lest some naughty wind might lift her skirts and show her ankles. Indeed, all the facts go to show that if women should take to trousers in their daily walk of life, their goal would be the harem, or, at the very least, the abhorred seclusion of the home. For where the greatest distinction exists between the sexes, the least is made between their clothes. The woman of the East appears in public clad in trousers and a shrouding veil and is the exponent of precisely the sort of femininity that the Western woman repudiates; while Siamese ladies of high degree wear breeches which, with the tight stocking beneath, look somewhat like the modern woman's riding toggery. It is a case of contradiction in terms.

THE STATUESQUE TOGA

On the other hand, the men of the most virile and warlike nations of history have dressed much as did their women. The Roman toga was at one time worn by men and women alike. We cannot imagine a Roman in trousers, but his barbarian Saxon foe had himself sketched for our edification in a species of the garment which is even uglier—topping, as it does, a lack of upper vesture—than our modern dress suit. It may be, indeed, that an especially cruel Roman conqueror used the skill of some patrician artist thus to preserve a prisoner for future ridicule. And the Greek warrior wore an abbreviated skirt when fighting and a robe much like that of his spouse, when more peacefully inclined. That is why statues are so becoming to him. No sculptor wants to do trousers; they don't drape properly. They are as uncompromisingly stiff and graceless as are most merely practical and efficient inventions. And, though the chief end of man is not to become a statue, yet if certain selected specimens must stand petrified in our parks and gardens, they should be permitted to do so in suitably flowing garments. When a man discovered himself turning into a celebrity he could have his wife cut and hem him a statuesque shroud; we can scarcely fancy a London or a Fifth Avenue tailor filling that sort of an order. The flowing toga finds its absolute antithesis in the trousers which were fitted so tightly they had to be buttoned down the side,—as women button their close-fitted sleeves. The stripe which adorns military and evening clothes is reminiscent of stratagems to conceal these buttons, and, speaking of stratagems and spoils, the recent sheath skirt is more or less an amplified revival of the straight and narrow garment affected by Egyptian ladies of high degree. One of the Cleopatra queens (not the famed Cleopatra in this case) appears in a picture thus attired; and her aspect led a historian—a Frenchman, of course—to surmise that there was a slit concealed somewhere in her skirt. He observes that this "charming stratagem" would ally the ancient beauty with her modern sister. But in his satirical conjecture he is in error; for the modern sister slashed her skirt quite openly. How might woman have heightened her mystery, have complicated her subtlety, have achieved, in short, what literary ladies love to call "the ineluctable lure" (whatever that is, one wants it) had she been more secretive.

How she may do this is the problem our great couturiers have now to solve; and it is one worthy of their genius. If they are in doubt, they might consult the sphinx. It alone, with a knowledge of many mysteries, knows the answer.

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« Vous resterez jeune, Madame, aussi longtemps que votre teint. »

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PIGS ARE TRUMPS

(*Continued from page 28*)

share of the staple food of the soldier and the munition worker. We may be sure that the six year old, who won four prizes in the adult pig owner's class because he was too young to enter a Pig Class as an accredited member, will this year cover himself and his new entry with ribbons and glory. We may be sure, too, that patriotic bankers all over the country, to say nothing of far-sighted individuals like Mrs. Burden, will continue to buy little pigs by the gross for distribution to ambitious Pig Club members on the security of their notes alone. But we musn't let the Good Samaritans do it all. There is room for priestly and Levitical assistance, even though it does come a year later.

There are some objections to pig-keeping, however, that have to be answered. One has to do with the non-agriculturist's idea that the pig is no gentleman, and that nothing short of a Hun invasion could tempt us to associate with him.

"The pig," says Mr. Huson, "is the cleanest of our domestic animals."

"Most hogs will keep themselves clean if given the opportunity," the State Bulletin asserts.

"It is a great mistake to imagine that pigs are naturally dirty beasts," writes an English lady who specialized on the subject even before Mr. Prothero's movement was launched. "The theory that they thrive in and on dirt is a tradition founded on idle habits and ignorant customs. I am happy to say that my pigs have been so accustomed to clean surroundings that they have all in turn formed a habit of grunting even louder and more persistently when there is any delay in giving them fresh litter than when they are kept waiting for their supper a few minutes past their usual feeding time."

GIVE THE POOR PIG A CHANCE

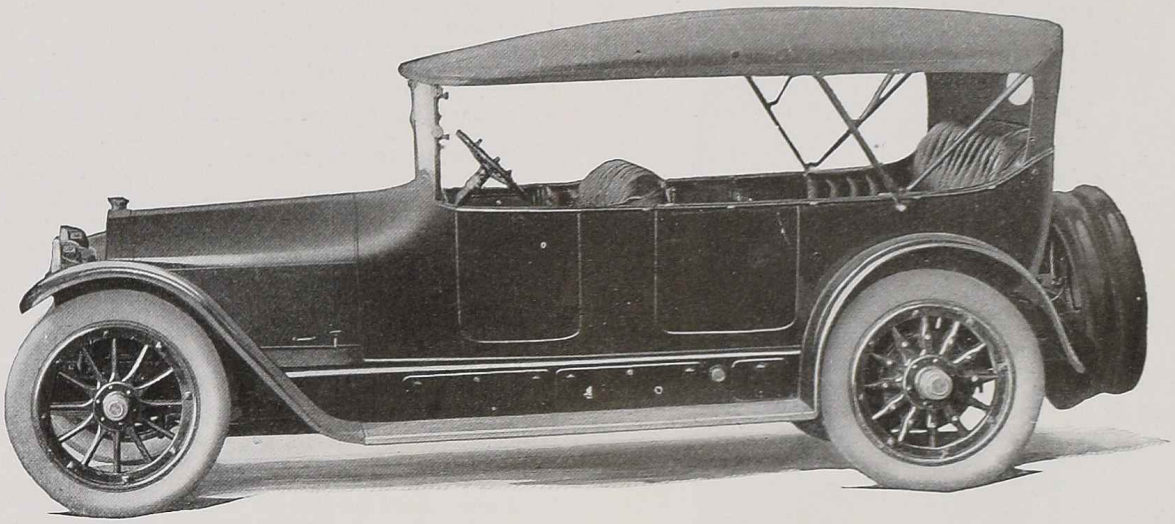
Dirty? Lazy? Bad-dispositioned?—in short, hoggish? My friends, there is somebody who has been all that, and more. But it isn't the pig. If we could go to the old time market place of St. Brieuc and see the Breton girls with their starched caps and their scrubbed pigs in rope harnesses—one as white and as clean as the other—we would then understand the possibilities of the little pig who stayed at home with the right sort of human to build him a pen in which he could keep clean, and a field in which he could eat rye or vetch or alfalfa, and a place in which he could wallow to his hide's content without absorbing more dirt than water.

Another bogy of the uneducated in pig lore is that of loss from disease, chiefly hog cholera. Circular No. 84, United States Department of Agriculture, says that preventive serum treatment is the key to the difficulty, and work of this character is now taken up by twenty-nine states, with a force of a hundred and forty trained veterinarians to assist them under the direction of the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry. In the last two years, losses from this disease have been reduced over fifty per cent. and will be still further reduced during the present season. They would doubtless be almost wiped out if the poor pig population was not so much of it forced to live like the peasants of the Middle Ages, who also died like flies from entirely preventable epidemics.

Pig-keeping divides itself into breeding, and raising for meat. The farmer, the estate-owner, can get a sow now and in eight months to a year raise a ton of pork and have the sow left. And every patriotic farmer and estate owner is urged to do so. The Director of Food Production of New York can recall the day when all the estates on Long Island, in Westchester county, and along the Hudson, grew pork as naturally as they now grow greenhouses. The man who would so utilize a few of his acres to-day, particularly in supplying the demand for good brood sows, would fulfill a patriotic duty as well as embark on a very profitable enterprise.

Jeanne d'Arc Doe, however, and her husband, John, are considering not a herd, but Billy Porker, one concrete piglet of engaging ways, destined to be fed on table left-overs, housed in a hand-made pen, and wept over with unmanly tears by John, junior, aged four-thirty, when it comes to the time for all good pigs to go to the help of the pantry. For this purpose Jeanne d'Arc and John, and John, junior, get Bulletin 64, of the New York Department of Agriculture, let us say, and embark on the struggle of deciding on a pig. The Department has been fair all around. The Secretary of the American Berkshire Association has five pages in which to present the charms of his favourite, a dish-faced, pointed-eared gentleman of judicial temperament with four white feet and no faults whatever. Then, just as Jeanne d'Arc has decided that she can't live without a Berkshire, along comes the Secretary of the National Poland-China Record Company, with a history of his pet that goes back to 1816 and the Society of Shakers. Besides, the P. C. is black with white points, and that sounds attractive, until one sees the Chester White who is quite as beautiful as a Persian kitten, and of whom his sponsor asserts that "The largest firms producing the aristocratic sausages for the world use the meat of pure-bred Chesters." An Almanach de Gotha hog, of a surety—one would scarcely dare to call such an one Billie Porker. The Cheshire turns out to be "a long deep-bodied hog of strong constitution and great heart girth"; "the Yorkshire has been longer in evolution and represents a more highly developed organism than any other breed of hogs in the world"; the Small Yorkshire comes from Chinese stock, and looks as though one could put pennies into his fat back if nature had only provided a suitable means of ingress; the Duroc-Jersey is adaptable to all conditions, a hog of parts, willing to put up with the veriest amateur and teach him as he goes along; the Tamworth is a stream-line pig, destined to star as Virginia smoked hams. What, oh what, is Jeanne d'Arc Doe to do, with all these various secretaries beseeching her to sign up on their cards? The words of the State Inspector of Farms come to her like dew on parched ground, "My observation is that success does not depend so much upon the breed as it does upon the energy and the management applied to the industry."

And so we leave her, content to adopt any little foundling of engaging ways and pointed ears—for she doesn't forget that you can tell a pig's disposition, as you can a man's, by the size and shape of his auricular appendages. She isn't viewing Billie Porker primarily as a pet, however, despite the movement in England to have him supplant our friend Fido at the national hearth; neither is she viewing him as her "dear little bank," in the approved French fashion. No; she takes her cue, as she may before long have to take her cards, from Mr. Hoover. And Billie is the first star on her Food Administration Service Flag.



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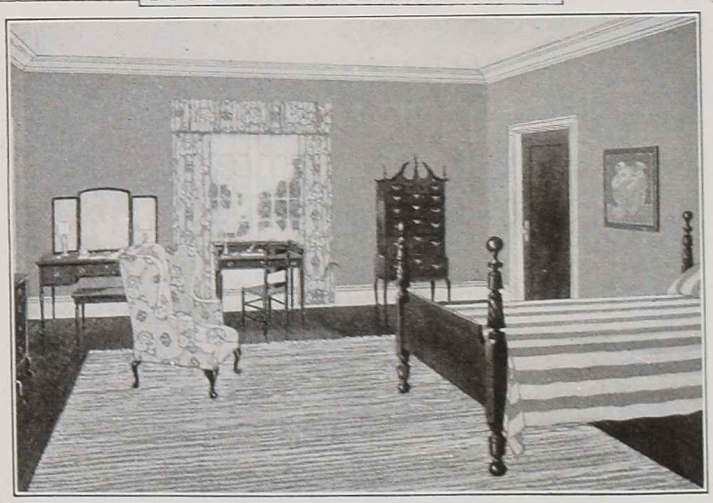

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William Skinner & Sons

NEW YORK CITY

Boston Philadelphia Chicago

Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

Estab. 1848

THE RED TRIANGLE UNDER FIRE

(*Continued from page 51*)

worth of extra business annually. The ubiquitous "huts" were already in ninety-five per cent. of the places where three hundred or more men were located. Why not turn over to the Y. M. C. A. the management of all the regular Army Post Exchanges? This would release officers and men for active service and, from the way the Y. M. C. A. had previously conducted its business, would ensure the minimum charge to Private John Smith.

BUSINESS AND THE Y. M. C. A.

The "Y" may have winked rapidly and swallowed a few gasps of astonishment, but it turned to its official desk in the new Equitable Building on the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue and began writing out its orders for April, May, and June. The first item was two thousand eight hundred and fifty tons of sugar, followed by such unexpectednesses as ten tons of tooth-paste, four tons of shaving-sticks, sixty tons of chewing-gum, and thirteen hundred and thirty-seven tons of cigarettes and tobacco. Fifty tons each of chocolates, gumdrops, and lemon drops came in one consignment. The boys liked the last named candies so much that the "Y" contracted for the whole output of the lemon drop factory, which quietly went out of business so far as mere stay-at-home Americans were concerned. An examination of the Post Exchange price-list shows that, in most instances, articles made on this side of the water cost no more to the soldier in France than to the civilian here. In some cases they cost less. And this despite the fact that Y. M. C. A. goods to the amount of twenty thousand dollars were lost on one ship alone. While the "Y" management of The Post Exchange for the American Expeditionary Forces is primarily an integral part of its service programme for the fighting men, still the Exchanges are run on a frankly business basis. The prices prevailing bring a gross profit on most sales and return a net profit on the aggregate turnover. This net profit is used for furnishing free chocolate, hot or cold drinks, and tobacco to the men in time of emergency.

But the sixty-ton-gum salesman is merely one of the Y. M. C. A.'s disguises. It is also the biggest moving picture exhibitor in the world, with seven and a half million feet of film weekly, for needs on this side of the water. There is a Board of Censors who rigidly exclude all heroines with earrings more than two inches long and make-up more than necessarily prominent. The "vamp type" picture is taboo, as are those that might stir up sectional, race, or religious animosity. The ideal film is "red-blooded," one is told; the most popular heroines are Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark; the lucky number is thirty, for twenty-nine films are frequently rejected before one passes the Board. "But think," as our young friend Carolyn parenthetically observes, "think what a wonderful time the censors are having!"

The results of a performance are sometimes delightfully unexpected. In one of the cantonments, a lonesome rookie watched a love story climax toward the final close-up where the heroine whispers, "Billie!" As that happened to be his own name, he couldn't stand it any longer but got up and worked his way over to one of the secretaries.

"My girl's thrown me down," he confided huskily. "Didn't want me to go into the Army. I bought her a Liberty Bond, but that didn't fetch her. Haven't had a letter in three weeks, and I'm 'most dead with worryin'!"

As it happened, this particular secretary had one of Chicago's biggest churches in his care when he was at home. He knew something about lovelorn swains, before and after the wedding march. So he took the rookie by the arm, guided him out of the crowd to the writing room, dictated a letter which he said would be more effective than a dozen Liberty Bonds, and—yes, there was a subsequent close-up where the heroine whispered, "Billie!" and another where she said, "I do."

When it comes to a consideration of the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. in the world of sport, there is no way of expressing one's appreciation of what the organization is doing. If the men in the big American camps, fresh from home, need baseball and can be kept contented and out of mischief by means of it, one can realize how much more necessary it is when these same men go back from the front line to temporary rest billets in France. Any man who has been in hell for two weeks is a sick man and should be treated as such, whether or not he has been certified physically unfit—or so at least our friends the Allies have come to believe. The iron drill routine is relaxed; the tension is deliberately taken off, but without healthful ways of straightening his nerves by working his muscles, the man is in quite as much danger as that produced by any 5.9's or whizz bangs. The Y. M. C. A. counts a thousand dollars spent for boxing-gloves with which to equip a single company, a mighty good investment. When that company is through with the gloves, they will pass them on, and another set of unreasonable men will contentedly bang each others' nerves right side up. Almost two hundred thousand dollars has already been spent on athletic equipment.

THE Y. M. C. A. AMONG OUR ALLIES

From the very beginning of the war, American secretaries worked with the British Army in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and East Africa. The work in Africa amongst the native carriers was in charge of five coloured American secretaries. At Dar-es-Salaam, in three months the programme included fifty-nine moving-picture shows for white troops, thirty-three for Indians, twenty-three for "Cape boys," nineteen for carriers, and seven for officers and nursing sisters. To the carriers, who had had no previous screen experiences, each show was a separate heaven-born miracle; and the secretary who could produce a continuous stream of them was the most powerful voodoo man alive.

But there were other troops who had no picture shows, no boxing-gloves, no chewing-gum at cut rates—in brief—no Y. M. C. A. And these were the bravest neediest troops in Europe—the French. *Les Foyers du Soldat, Union Franco-Americaine*, were the result of the first effort to remedy this lack and were so thoroughly, not to say amazingly appreciated, that M. Painlève, then head of the Government, taking his cue as to the nature of compliments from General Pershing, asked for thirteen hundred *Foyers* just like the samples, ten new ones to be established every week.

Which brings us round to the Y. M. C. A. as schoolmaster. In all American camps it conducts French classes which often run into the thousands, but in the *Foyers* there is frequently an English class almost as large in proportion and a French class of one. That one is the secretary, who is only too delighted to learn from his poilus, while he teaches them the English that they are so anxious to practise on the charming American women who hand out hot chocolate and smiles that are more heartening still.

At the American camps, also, there is frequently need of instruction in English. Out of three thousand eight hundred men in a certain group at Camp Upton, for example, one hundred and fifty foreign-born soldiers were unable to understand a word their officers said to them, until

(*Continued on page 83*)

THE RED TRIANGLE UNDER FIRE

the Y. M. C. A. stepped in with lesssons which began, "Fall In—I fall in line." These men also learned, in simple sentences, the reason why we are in the war, and, last and best of all, they learned to write a letter home. In one aviation camp there were fifteen hundred applications for various subjects to be taught by a hundred and forty-one qualified instructors, mainly from the ranks.

It isn't until one reaches the work among the prisoners in the Central Empires, however, that one grasps the scope of the Y. M. C. A.'s educational efforts. Among the English civilians interned at Rouen there was a common school, a High school, and a University of seventy chairs, where one could learn anything up to Arabic. A small chemical laboratory was established and more than one patentable invention was made in the adjacent machine-shop. The story of the work among the Russians in Germany will never be fully known, but reading-rooms were established, orchestras were supplied with instruments or the material to make them, athletic meets were organized among men entirely unaccustomed to such events, and best of all, perhaps, the child-prisoners in uniform, of whom there were a surprising and pitiful number, were gathered together and given the rudiments of an education. It is not in any sense exaggeration to say that the American Y. M. C. A. has saved life and reason for hundreds of thousands of men during these last mad years.

We've been talking in millions, haven't we, in our big modern way? But this war, for all its terrible scientific efficiency, deals, in the last analysis, directly with the individual. We may say that the Y. M. C. A. ships eight million sheets of paper to France every month. But the letter that brings conviction to you personally is the letter with the big Red Triangle on it that you get when the postman whistles. We may say, too, that the Y. M. C. A. gives away—not sells—seventy-five thousand cups of coffee every day. But you won't realize it until you get a letter something like this one that came to a little white-haired Canadian who had given her only boy:

"I wish you and the people supplying free hot drinks could see the men coming in when they've been relieved after a big action. They would look to you like grotesque scarecrows if you couldn't see the pathos of it. Many of them have wrapped their legs with sand-bags to help keep out the cold. They are mud-caked, literally from their 'tin-pots' to their water-logged boots. Their shoulders and heads sag forward, and they slouch slowly along with never a glance to left or right. The strangest and most startling thing about them is their faces. Mud-smeared, with a two or three days' stubble of beard, the skin shows through greyish white, set and dead. They are the faces of corpses, all but the eyes. The eyes are alive, sometimes horribly vividly alive. If the tension is not broken, the brain may snap. I certainly believe that in thousands of cases it was that first hot drink that dragged the men back to life and sanity.

"But even then you don't know what thirst is till you see the walking wounded—men grey with weariness, shivering with cold, and at the same time burning up with thirst. I'll never forget my first hot drink, after eight hours' wandering—walking and crawling through the mud and the rain—the night I was hit."

Do you wonder that the little Canadian, herself a poor woman, went out and started a fund that raised twenty-five thousand dollars for the Y. M. C. A. to turn into hot coffee?

PARIS INDULGES *in* SUMMER FANCIES

(*Continued from page 37*)

this by looking over the list of those who were present this week at the mass celebrated for the repose of the soul of Commander Louis de Clermont-Tonnerre, celebrated in the church of Sainte Clotilde. When one reads this list one begins to think that it is only the strangers who have left Paris.

THE CLOCK THAT STOPPED AT TEN

Every resident of Paris is making a pilgrimage these days to a certain corner of the Saint Paul quarter which was set on fire by a bomb—that quarter of so many marvels, where the Musée Carnavalet, so familiar to all Americans, is located. Every house in the rue Saint-Antoine, from the métro station to the church of Saint Paul, has been damaged. The rue François Miron, that old part of the rue Saint-Antoine which owes its name to the provost of shop-keepers, Miron, who built the façade of the hôtel de Ville, burned by the Commune, used to be the scene of fêtes and tournaments, in one of which Henri was mortally wounded by Montgomery. The old hotel of President Hénault is here, with its beautiful balcony upheld by a Moor's head. Here, too, is the magnificent hôtel de Beauvais where Anne of Austria lived for some time with her court. The Queen Mother, the Queen of England, Turenne, and Mazarin were all present here on the 26th of August, 1660, at the solemn entry into Paris of Louis XIV and Marie Thérèse, when they watched the spectacle from a balcony which has since disappeared. The recent explosions of bombs have shattered all the window-panes in these old houses. Everywhere the little booths are battered, and the windows and grilles are replaced by boards. The clock on the church of Saint Paul stopped at the hour of the explosion, at exactly quarter past ten.

To shake off all these gloomy impressions, I hurried to Neuilly where the musician Fernand Ochsé had promised to give me, and me alone, a few hours of music. If there had not been a fine persistent rain, I should have still more enjoyed walking through those beautiful gardens where the Louis XIII terraces are planted to-day with vegetables; they still retain their admirable lines and proportions, however, and are surrounded by their immense plane-trees, with here and there an old weathered bust and an empty cage, where before the war lived beautiful peacocks. I felt as if I had been transported far from Paris when I reached the studio and sat amid its harmonious wood colours surrounded by glass cases of old dolls. In this room Fernand Ochsé has successfully revived the Second Empire period, for every piece of furniture is a perfect specimen of its epoch. For two hours I listened to old music, and in spite of all my sad thoughts, my wandering imagination followed its lovely multi-coloured floating veil. I heard in the flute of an Arcadian shepherd the breeze which passes over perfumed valleys, far from the noise of cannons and the musical uproar of pre-war days,—for there is a fraternity among the arts in every age.

J. R. F.

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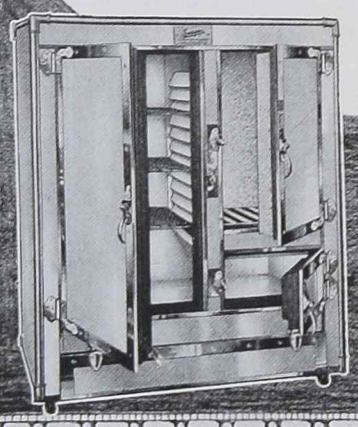

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THE ORIGINAL SIPHON REFRIGERATOR

A MOTOR CORPS OF WOMEN

(*Continued from page 49*)

trunk-lines which make it possible for the Corps to receive emergency calls at any hour. The Corps owns six ambulances (and hopes to own six more) and every day they meet the Hoboken train which brings sick soldiers from the various camps, and take these boys to whatever hospital is their destination. They also investigate cases of soldiers who are home because of sickness and who have failed to report at the end of their furlough, and take them to a base hospital if they are still sick.

The dispatch service is no less important a part of the Motor Corps service. It keeps busy the seventy-one cars which have already been offered; and it could keep busy a much larger number. These cars meet important officials who are doing Government work and carry them from place to place—but only when they are bound on official business. No Motor Corps member would be guilty of taking even the most important personage to a pink tea or to Sherry's. They do take convalescent soldiers from the base hospitals out for an afternoon of fresh air, but surely no one will deny that this is war work.

SEARCHING THOSE WHO COME AND GO

Perhaps the most exciting undertaking of the Motor Corps, up to date, is that of searching women who are coming to or sailing from the United States. This branch of the work began at a time when some two hundred German diplomats were in New York on their way home under safe conduct. The Motor Corps of America was ordered to take these unwelcome individuals from their hotels to their ship in closed cars, which they did expeditiously and successfully. When they arrived at the dock, however, it developed that although every German had to be searched, no arrangement had been made for the searching of the women and children, and it was suggested that the Motor Corps might take the matter in hand. There is a rumour that Captain Bastedo met the suggestion with a smile of grim satisfaction. Captain Bastedo had been searched herself, with Teutonic thoroughness, in Germany since the war began. So, after listening to a brief lecture, delivered by Captain Bastedo, on the methods of searching as followed by the efficient Hun, the Motor Corps searched the women of the German party with such thoroughness that searching has since been a part of their duties.

THE CORPS IN AN EMERGENCY

On several other occasions the Motor Corps has already proved its readiness and efficiency. Within five minutes after the recent explosion in New Jersey, the Police Department had telephoned the Corps Headquarters, and within forty minutes Captain Bastedo, with four ambulances and three dispatch cars, was at the scene of the disaster. Considering the distance and the necessary ferry trip, this is a record which the Corps may well be proud of. It was the Motor Corps, also, which guarded the Turkish countess who was found to be a spy, from the time of the discovery until she was deported. The Motor Corps and the Police Department are close friends, and the Police Department has aided the Corps in several respects. The dispatch cars and ambulances have the right of way throughout the city, and Captain Bastedo has passes which give her special rights and privileges in an emergency.

It is, perhaps, in an emergency that the Motor Corps would be most valuable. And in these days, when there are so many possibilities for almost any kind of an emergency, it is comforting to know that one more capable efficient body is prepared and ready to serve the country to the uttermost of its ability.

THE HAND IN THE IRON GLOVE

(*Continued from page 45*)

than one famous couturier, according to his own ideas, and more than one beautiful lady, who is spending a mad amount of money for her clothes, is wearing at this moment a Russian coat, heavy with embroideries. Under these coats I have seen Russian blouses, and Cossack cartridge belts (imitations, fortunately), and as for head-gear, I have long ago stopped counting Berber turbans and Bersaglieri hats.

All this seems ridiculous and out of place to us, but if we think a moment, we will realize that under Louis XVI, as under Napoleon, Henry III, and Henry IV, women wore plumed hats and cuirasses like those of the noble lords who were fighting, just as they also wore squire's boots long before the Frenchwomen of 1915 did. When Louis XIV was a boy these ladies of the court wore gauntlets, and lace collars on a coat of mail, and plumed hats turned up like a soldier's, and almost always carried a crop. The same reason which made it hard to tell the difference between a cavalry officer and the young woman dressed like him, made it easy for Roxane to make her way into the camp of the Cadets of Gascony, for at a casual glance she looked very much like the Count of Guiche who followed her, arrayed in laces.

Instead of saying "military" we might better say "masculine" element, for it is that which exercises and will always exercise a hypnotic influence on women who are never tired of experimenting with the effective setting which a rough plain style of dress makes for their beauty. The sailor who lent his jersey to the beautiful Queen Alexandra, really started the fashion of jerseys, which was so popular about twenty-five years ago. Marat, with his dandy's hat and coat gave us the exquisite redingote we have since worn in spite of the cruel memories it evokes.

Alphonse Karr's witticism has a grain of eternal truth in it, but what is equally eternally true, alas, is that many women are lacking in taste. The uniform of a British or Russian officer might be adapted to her type by a coquette who knew what she was about. The effect would be quite different from that made by the grotesquely dressed Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, and would bear the subtle and indefinable stamp of harmony.

One has a wonderful chance here; what could be prettier, for instance, than the embroidered or printed waistcoats that Watteau's soldiers wear? The vests of the French guards and the tricorne will always be among the most becoming of feminine adornments; but that unfortunately doesn't prevent that same tricorne from perching disastrously on a tottering coiffure, and giving one a terrible revulsion of feeling against all its species. The tricorne evokes the pastorals of Watteau, the exquisite paintings of Lancret, and the mysterious and fascinating creations of Longhi; in all times, troublous or magnificent, it has been the symbol of courage and elegance. Every element of dress, whether it be military, pastoral, or religious, will be what your soul and your spirit make of it, according to your individuality.

J. R. Fernandez.

A sympathetic understanding of the Indian and his life has been the inspiration in "The Piper," by E. Irving Couse, which was shown at the Babcock Galleries

A R T

(*Continued from page 64*)

the fortunate possessor of art treasures which grow to be a part of his home and of his own enjoyment.

A small but unusually strong exhibition of paintings by ten of our American painters of to-day was held at the Montross Galleries in late April and early May. It was an exhibition of sure handling and clear fresh colour which brought out vividly the individuality of the various painters, yet the whole exhibition was dominated by one canvas, that of "Fay Bainter as the 'Image' in 'The Willow Tree'," painted by Henri. It was a masterly interpretation and handling, not only of the subject, but of the brilliancy of Eastern colouring which Henri has so modulated that the rich glow of clear red, of purple, and of green placed side by side became not a clash, but a harmony of colour such as the Eastern artist shows in his arrangements of them. In this glow of colour against a background of grey, Fay Bainter sits with a mask-like face like that of a Japanese, betraying no trace of emotion in her face, while from before her she takes the pencil from her make-up box, with hands of the utmost sensitiveness of feeling and modelling. If there were nothing else in his painting but this delicate sensitive painting of hands in such marked contrast to the quiet emotionless face which rather hides than reveals the thought beneath, one must admit Henri to be a master of his art, yet in this canvas he has combined with skill of interpretation and sureness of modelling a richness and harmony of colour which far surpasses that in many of his recent canvases. If one would question whether or not he may paint a face as alive as he paints the hands, it was only necessary to glance at the portrait sketch, "The Beach Hat," to find the recording of a vivid fleeting expression well depicted.

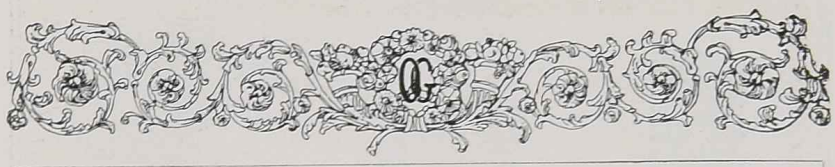
FLAGS AND FIFTH AVENUE

With such success and so often has Childe Hassam painted floating flags this last year, that the four misty views of Fifth Avenue with colours of the allied flags softened in the fog took their places in the exhibition as old and welcome friends. Yet it was something of a surprise to find among them a small clear-coloured canvas, "Paris, 14 July, 1889" in which already he was painting the beauty of flags as they fly in the breeze. In all of these the flag became a part of the beauty of the whole composition and not at all the insistent and obvious object which Gifford Beal painted it in his "At the Skating Races," in which it was flat and uninteresting against a red violet distance painted with as much realism as the rest of his canvas. With his usual clear almost translucent colour, George Bellows painted "Pueblo," while C. Bertram Hartman treated "Navajo Pastoral" as bright and decorative. Of the rest of the exhibition mention might be made of Leon Kroll's fine rendering of "Ferry at Rondout," the Dutch-like study of light and golden colour in "The Hen Roost," by Horatio Walker, and small child studies by Jerome Myers.

BY AMERICAN PAINTERS

American paintings were popular in the galleries in early May. The Macbeth Galleries showed sea and woods by Emil Carlsen, earlier paintings by Childe Hassam, including his "Madison Square, 1890," and five canvases by J. Alden Weir. The Babcock Art Galleries held a group exhibition of Western paintings, including Indian subjects by Couse, Leigh, Blumenschein, Deming, and others, and a canvas of lovely colour, "Flying Clouds Arizona Desert," by Albert Groll. Southern California was represented in the exhibition following this, an exhibition of landscapes by Maurice Braun, who has caught on his palette the golden sunshine of the region of San Diego.

An exhibition of French paintings was held at the Galleries of Durand-Ruel in which were twenty-three paintings by Albert André who has just been discharged after three years of service in the French army, and who is again painting. Among other interesting examples of his work are those which he has recently made while visiting his friend, Renoir, the man who has painted landscapes which are so vibrant with atmosphere and colour. Two of the recent canvases by André show Renoir in his studio, painting, although his crippled fingers are no longer able to hold the brush without assistance.



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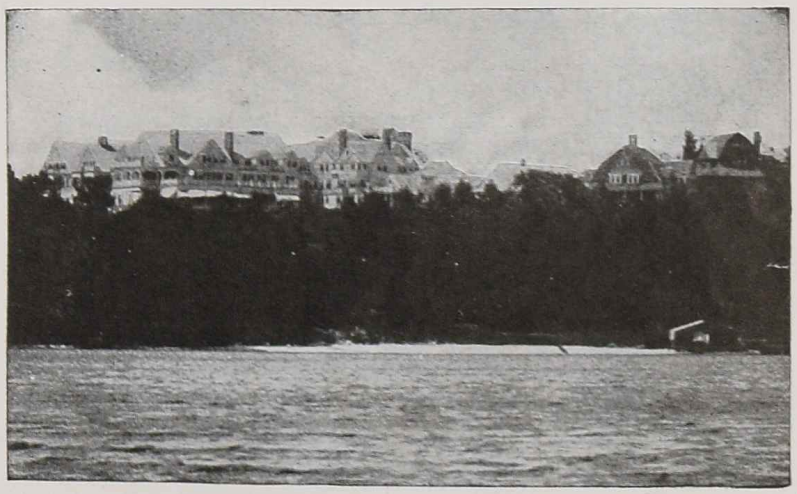

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Compare the oat—the greatest of grain foods—with foods shown above costing many times more. In calories—the unit of nutrition—the figures are as follows:

Calories per Pound			
Quaker Oats	1810	Young Chicken	505
Round Steak	895	Eggs	720

Then compare the cost. For the same nutrition, meats, and eggs, at this writing, average some 7 or 8 times the cost of Quaker Oats.

A week of breakfasts on Quaker Oats costs about the same as one meat breakfast. And note what Quaker Oats supplies—

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You get the ideal food for growth. You get the best-balanced food in existence. You get every needed element in just the right proportion. And you get exquisite flavor.

Make Quaker Oats the entire breakfast. Then mix it with your flour foods. The more you use the more you save, and the better folks are fed.

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Use Quaker Oats because of the extra flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This extra quality without extra price has led millions to insist on this brand.

13c and 32c Per Package
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Quaker Oats Bread

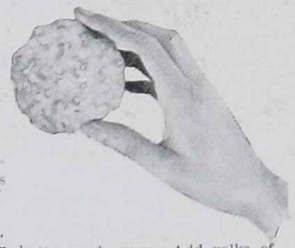
1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits The Oat Macaroon



1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked).

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

(1896)

A WORKSHOP THAT IS A BEEHIVE

(*Continued from page 72*)

and stores occupies one end of a hall of cathedral-like proportions. Over it is a platform used as a dining-room for the superior staff—the seats of the mighty, in fact. But though the mighty sit higher than the mere mortals assembled below, their fare is the same, and there is no difference in the manner of serving. Dinner, costing one franc fifty, consists of hors-d'œuvres, a meat *plat du jour*, a separate vegetable course, and dessert with coffee. Red and white wine accompany the repast. The diners sit on polished wooden chairs at polished wooden tables, twenty to a table, and the restaurant is divided into ten sections, each of which is complete in itself and has its own distinctive colour.

One would think that a dinner of so many courses supplied to so many people must of necessity be a lengthy business and give rise to countless complications, but here, again, system and efficiency triumph. The whole meal, from hors-d'œuvres to coffee, is served in considerably less than an hour. This feat is achieved by the arrangement for quick service. Running the entire length of the restaurant on either side are counters fitted with electric hot plates, with sides and tops which open to the inner side of the counter. The dishes are brought to these counters on electric trolleys, which also carry away the dirty crockery. Each dish contains ample portions for five persons.

Before the meal begins the tables are laid, each diner having his or her own numbered napkin. All cold and hot plates are stacked on the counters, desert and cold dishes arranged in readiness for distribution, so that when the diners have taken their places all that remains to be done is to fetch the hot dishes from the kitchen. So well organized is the whole affair that a staff of 120 in all, cooks, waitresses and cleaners, is amply sufficient.

THE ART OF EFFICIENCY

Material comfort is not the only thing in the world, food for the mind and the imagination is as necessary as food for the body. That is why this workshop hive is provided with a recreation room and a lecture hall, not to mention an admirably mounted cinema. But one thing is lacking, from the point of view of the person who adheres to the good old declaration, "Where I eats, I sleeps." The workers go to their own homes to sleep; communal dormitories or cubicles are not yet part of the establishment. For, after all, a worker, however bee-like he or she may become, is still a human being. It is the human element which counts in the long run and which demands, when the day's work is over, time and opportunity for the expression of personality and the living of the individual life. That, to most persons, means a home of their own. Given that, together with adequate nourishment, healthful working conditions, attractive surroundings, and sufficient recreation, the result is plain efficiency and happiness. What more could the very best beehive boast!

THE BLUSH *of* SHAME

WITH the proposition of the blush of shame in its time-honoured connection with the cheek of innocence, this theme has nothing to do. More can be said against innocence than against any other virtue; and the best thing to do is to banish it from one's mind, together with long upper lips, sleeping cars, Pomeranians, and any of the other thousand and one barbed wire entanglements which so often defeat our spirited bayonet charges upon happiness.

The question with which we are dealing is this: to what may be ascribed the occasional, but undeniably shameful glow that does from time to time restore a semblance of bloom to the wan cheek of sophistication? Let us interview the person least disturbed by remorse, remembrance, or regret.

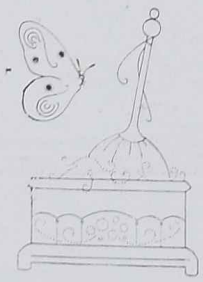
"On the night of Thursday, the seventeenth of September," we might say to him, "you were dining at the roof-garden of the Ritz. You had just finished the salad course. Suddenly a flush came over your face, and for the tiniest fraction of a second you felt a faint dissatisfaction with yourself. If you had been twenty-five years younger, and in bed, you would have put the light out quickly and intrenched your face in the pillow. Tell us, what was the thought behind that blush—what was the guilty recollection?"

Perhaps he will answer something like this:

"I was thinking how I hate wild duck à la Tour d'Argent, with blood following the knife. Instead I have a provincial passion for roast chicken and apple pie that can be nothing but a source of shame to one with an international reputation as a bon-vivant."

Once in possession of his humiliating secret, you will be pursued by a morbid desire to learn the reason for the expressions you see on people's faces as you walk down Fifth Avenue on an otherwise pleasant afternoon; for some expressions are a permanent blush.

Gradually you will come to the conclusion that the majority of these haunted beings are trying to escape from themselves. They realize that, to make a success of life, one must wash constantly with the wool soap of sophistication, in order to avoid shrinking; for to shrink, from anything, shows a certain honest simplicity, entirely out of place in the make-up of a man "of the world." If you should have the luck to find such a one in an expansive mood he would confide to you that the *mondaine* cheek blushes, when, and only when, it realizes that it is attracted to a heart which still retains a naïve spot or two.



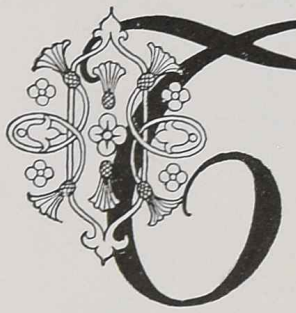
DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

(*Continued from page 47*)

vest of soft old brocade would be particularly attractive; with a real lace jabot this would give an entirely different effect suitable for more formal occasions and entirely in the period. If either of these vests seems too elaborate, one in fine piqué or heavy linen could be substituted for morning wear. The black satin is used to outline the bottom of the pongee vest as well as the collar, cuffs, and pockets. The tunic effect of the skirt is formed by a slight drapery, cut in one piece. Pongee comes in a number of different qualities and is priced accordingly from $1.25 to $2.50 a yard. It runs about 32 inches wide and comes in natural colour and oyster white. It is equally suitable for one-piece dresses or for separate sports skirts.

An American maker has followed the idea and feeling of the Oriental crêpe and produced a wonderful fabric which is quite as lovely in sheen and texture as these crêpes from China and Japan. It is called Hindu crêpe and comes in a variety of soft shades, both plain and with printed designs. The price is $3.50 a yard, and it is thirty-three inches wide. This is not only a new "made in America" fabric, but one that is really new in effect and that will be worn by the smart women of New York. The sketch at the bottom of page 47 was designed especially for this material, and navy blue marked in white was selected as the most effective colour scheme. Brilliant green crêpe de Chine is used in the slashing of the bodice and to make the long sash. This combination, although not entirely new, is always popular for summer costumes. The simple lines of the gown, the collar and cuffs of crisp white organdie, and the touches of green make a sum total that is really chic. Rows of silk fringe at the bottom of the sash add a weight that gives importance to the gown by causing the ends to swing gracefully back and forth as one walks, instead of flapping in the breeze.

A summer wrap of silk or satin, and one that is made with interesting yoke lines, is shown at one of the smart shops and is sketched at the top of page 47. It is most desirable for summer, as it is one of those delightful designs which are appropriate for afternoon or evening wear. In black satin, silk jersey, or duvetyn, it may be trimmed with kolinsky-dyed squirrel, mole, or any one of a number of other furs. It is lined with crêpe de Chine or chiffon according to the material. In taffeta or satin, without fur, it is particularly charming in a light colour and lined with chiffon or chiffon velvet. Such a combination makes a very pretty evening wrap for a young girl or even for an older woman.



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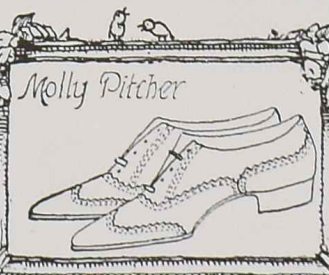
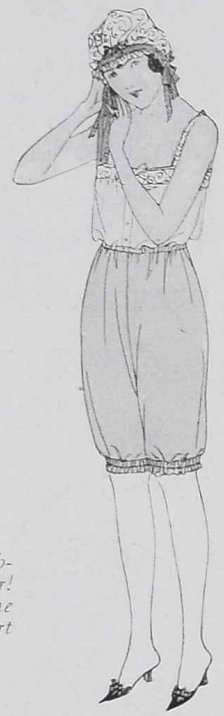


This is a knicker season — there's no denying that!



Vanity Fair "backs up" its new knicker! It is double thickness in back from belt to knee—it defies the friction of the corset to wear it out.

It stands the rubbing and the tubbing, it's the truly thicker knicker! The slim, trim boyishness of the Vanity Fair knicker is a comfort in these war-working days.

WITH skirts getting narrower and narrower, goodness knows there's little enough room in them for ourselves without trying to squeeze in a petticoat too! Who can have that slimpsy, droopy, in-at-the-feet silhouette with a petticoat bunching here and there?

Vanity Fair hates to say "We told you so" but really, if you'll look at the new knicker you'll see that the Vanity Fair staff must have predicted this knicker season and firmly believed in preparedness.

There's always been one flaw about knickers, even Vanity Fair's. They would insist upon wearing at the back where the corset rubs. Of course Vanity Fair could not stop the corset rubbing, but it could and has stopped the knicker weakening by this simple method. A double thickness of luxuriously heavy jersey silk in back from belt to knee gives double and even triple life to the new Vanity Fair double-back Knicker

Silk is about the only fabric which patriotism permits us this year and for the really economical silk that you just can't wear out, Vanity Fair is the answer.

Be sure to ask for Vanity Fair in the Sure-Lap Union, Pettibocker, Plus-4-Inch Vest, Step-In Envelope as well as the Double-Back Knicker. If your favorite shop does not carry Vanity Fair send us $3.50 for the Double-Back Knicker and ask for prices of any other articles that interest you.

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THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC. NEW YORK

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SUMMER and the sun and salt sea breezes—what sunburn and freckles and face-harshness they mean to many a pretty little seashore girl who isn't careful! ¶ San-Tox Enchantment Complexion Cream, if you please, to smooth and soothe the skin and help it to laugh at both sun and wind. ¶ San-Tox Enchantment Complexion Powder, also, to whisper its refining toilet message to *your* complexion. ¶ Become acquainted with the San-Tox Nurse-Face by all means. "San-Tox for Purity," says she, from every packet of San-Tox blue. Welcome her smiling face and the sign of the druggist who displays her. It is a sure indication of high business purpose and a sure proof of what is pure in preparations. ¶ There is a wide, wide range of San-Tox preparations. All are of perfect purity; and San-Tox druggists—specially appointed—alone are permitted to sell them.
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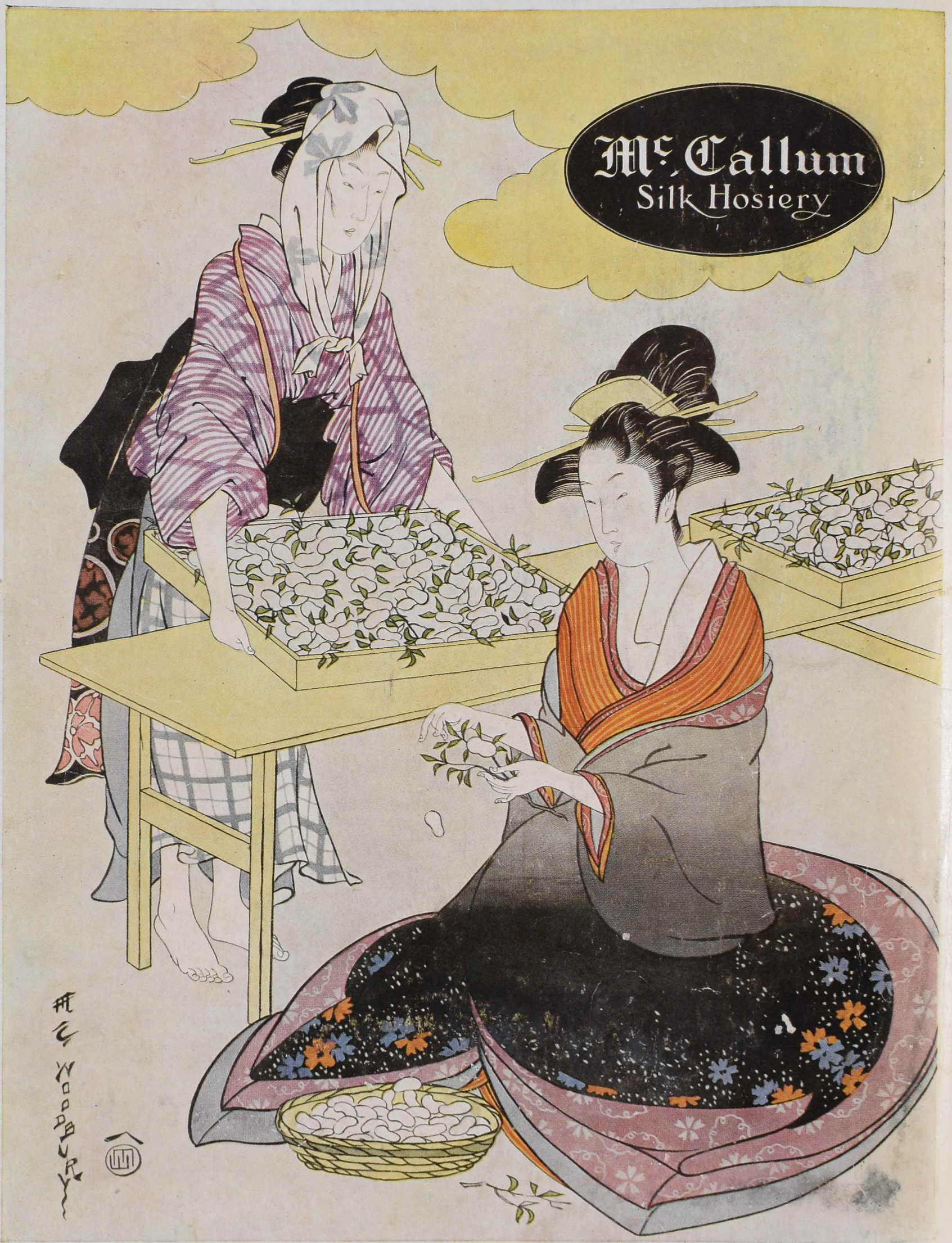

THE silk worms asleep in their silken cocoons snuggled among the mulberry leaves — do they dream of the time when their glistening coverlets will be transformed into a gossamer fabric for dainty ankles, that shall make men say — "You just know she wears them!" *Interesting booklet sent free on request.*

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